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At Odds WITH THE Regent

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

The regent's face turned from red to purple, and I looked to see him rush upon Richelieu, and half drew my sword. But with an effort he restrained himself and his next words came in a voice strangely calm, yet infinitely more menacing than any violence could have been.

"Ah, I have the honor of seeing the Duc de Richelieu, have I not? But they tell me there were two men opposed to de Gare."

"Monsieur," cried Richelieu, "whoever said that lied. A friend of mine interposed to save me from a treacherous dagger thrust, which the coward would have given me when he saw himself hard pressed."

"And where is this friend, may I inquire?" asked the regent, looking about with an ominous light in his eyes.

My hat was sweeping the floor in an instant.

"I have that honor," I said.

"I do not know you, monsieur," sneered Orleans, looking me over from head to foot. "I should say, however, that you were from the country, and I warn you that you have fallen into bad company. You would better leave it."

"I choose my own company, monsieur, and ask no one to do it for me," I answered, for the insolent look of the man had set my blood on fire. "I desire no better than that I have already had."

"Then by my faith you shall see more of it!" cried the regent, losing his calmness in an instant. "Here, lieutenant," he called to an officer near the door, "bring in a squad of guards and arrest these men. I will see if we are to have roistering and murder at midday in the streets of Paris."

"'Tis useless to resist," said Richelieu to me in a low voice as I drew my sword. He will not dare use much severity."

"Your swords, messieurs," said the lieutenant of police, advancing towards us at the head of a dozen men. Richelieu broke his over his knee and threw it to the floor. I placed my foot on mine and snapped the blade.

"To the Bastile with them!" cried the regent, beside himself with rage. "You shall answer for them with your head, lieutenant, so take care they do not escape."

The officer simply bowed, but his cheek flushed with anger. We were led to the street, where I saw the regent's coach standing. As we emerged from the cafe, I caught a glimpse of two faces which seemed familiar, and looking again, I recognized the men who had entered the place with de Gare. I understood then how it happened that the regent had arrived so opportunely. They had doubtless warned him of de Gare's peril, but too late to save his life.

A moment later we were mounted on two horses, and, surrounded by our bodyguard, galloped briskly away towards the Bastile, in which, I reflected, I was like to find much less of comfort than in the palatial Hotel de Richelieu. Yet a man must take the lean with the fat, and I was far from repining.

CHAPTER V.

A Desperate Venture.

The troop of guards continued onward at a rapid pace, separating me from Richelieu, so that I had no opportunity of exchanging a word with him. In a few moments the threatening and gloomy walls of the Bastile loomed ahead, towering over the Porte St. Antoine, and we drew up at the outer gate. The lieutenant exchanged a word with the sentry there, and after a moment the gates creaked back and we entered. I looked about me curiously, for this was the first time I had even seen the interior of the most famous prison in France, though I had spent an entire afternoon looking at it from the other side of the ditch.

We were in a long court, closed in by lofty walls, the prison itself forming one side. We turned to the right, past some houses built against the outer wall, which I decided were stables, and then the word was given to dismount. Half a dozen guards surrounded us, a bell rang somewhere, and in a moment a man in uniform hurried towards us—a little, dry man, with tight-shut lipe, and eyes whose glance was like a poniard thrust.

"M. de Maison-Rouge," said the lieutenant, saluting with great respect, "I have here two prisoners whom the regent confides to your keeping with instructions to guard them well."

"The instructions were unnecessary, monsieur," replied the new-comer, shortly. "No one who enters here ever leaves until it is permitted. Who are the prisoners?"

"Ah, M. de Manson-Rouge," cried Richelieu, gayly, "I trust you have not forgotten me so speedily."

The lieutenant governor of the great prison glanced at the speaker quickly, but his face remained impenetrable, and if he experienced any surprise, he certainly did not show it.

"No, I have not forgotten you, M. le Duc," he said, quietly. "And the other?"

"Is my friend, Jean de Brancas," answered Richelieu; and added, smilingly, "It is, I believe, the first time he has had the pleasure of meeting you."

Maison-Rouge glanced at me coldly. I bowed, but I fear my face betrayed the fact that I considered the meeting anything but a pleasure.

"Very well," he said. "Wait a moment, lieutenant, and I will send you a receipt for the prisoners. Follow me, messieurs," he added to us, and led the way to one of the buildings against the outer wall, which proved to be his office. A sentry at the door saluted as we passed. A receipt was written and given to him.

"Now, gentlemen," said Maison-Rouge, as the door closed, "I must be assured that you carry no weapons or means of escape from the bastile with you. Give me your word of honor to that effect and I will omit the formality of search."

"That is most courteous," cried Richelieu. "I give you my word of honor gladly."

"And I also," I said. "My sword was my only weapon."

"That is well," and Maison-Rouge opened the door. "Follow me, then."

Midway of the court a drawbridge grated down to let us pass and creakingly rose behind us. Turning again to the right, we were conducted along a still narrower court to a second gate, and passing through this, paused before a second drawbridge, which was also lowered to permit our passage. Still another gate was opened and clanged shut after us, and we were in the great interior court. The afternoon sun illumined it as brightly as it was ever illumined, and I perceived two or three melancholy personages walking slowly up and down, each in charge of a sentry, who followed closely with loaded musket and permitted no word to be exchanged. Three lofty towers flanked the court on either side. They were fully a hundred feet in height, as were the walls between them, and the court itself was near a hundred feet long, by perhaps seventy in width. We were led straight on across another drawbridge into a second court, much smaller than the first, and which resembled nothing so much as a gigantic well. As I afterwards found out, it was, indeed, called the well court.

"I trust I may have my old room, monsieur," observed Richelieu, as we entered this forbidding place, which made my heart sink within me.

"I see nothing against it," answered Maison-Rouge. "The Tower du Puits is certainly strong enough to hold even the Duc de Richelieu."

"That has been proved," laughed the duke, "since it has already held me for more than a year. I had no reason to complain of your hospitality, monsieur."

The governor smiled grimly, but said nothing. I wondered how my companion could laugh so lightly in this horrible place.

"And you are not even curious to know what brought me here again?" he continued, in the same tone.

"Some act of folly, I do not doubt," said Maison-Rouge, his face clearing a little. "You will never learn discretion."

"Ah, but this is far less serious," cried Richelieu. "Before, I offended the prudery of Madame de Maintenon, who was trying to turn Louis into a monk and the court into a priory. This time I have merely killed one of the regent's friends. The regent is a man, and will soon forgive."

"I trust so," and Maison-Rouge glanced at him with the shadow of a smile. "I have no reason to wish you ill, M. le Duc." Evidently, the winning good humor of my companion had touched even this enfortressed heart.

There was a tower at either corner of the inner court, and it was towards the one at the right that we were led. A door with double bolts barred the bottom of the staircase. The governor threw them back, opened the door, and motioned us before him. I heard the regular step of a sentry in the corridor above, and we passed him at the first landing. He paused to glance at us inquiringly, and then continued his round. At the third landing, Maison-Rouge stopped before a heavy iron door, threw back the bolts and pulled it open. Another inner door was revealed, similarly bolted. This he also opened and held back.

"Ah, I am familiar with this room," said Richelieu, smiling as he passed into it. I started to follow him, but Maison-Rouge motioned me back.

"What! you would separate me from my friend?" cried Richelieu.

"I regret that it is necessary, monsieur," said the governor; "but it is the rule, as you should know. He shall lodge in the calotte above you."

As he spoke I fancied I caught a flash of triumph in Richelieu's eye, but he made no sign.

"Good-by, then, my friend," he said, and turned away towards the double-barred window. The doors were clanged shut, the bolts thrown, and I was motioned to mount to the floor above. I did so with a heavy heart. With Richelieu I had some hope, but without him I felt hope to be fruitless. Presently we paused before another door, double-bolted like that on the floor below. Behind it, also, there was an inner door. It was opened, I entered, and heard the bolts shot into place. As I looked back at it I saw that in both doors, near the top, there was a narrow orifice through which the sentry in the hall could inspect the cells as he passed and hear what was going on in them.

The calotte was well named, for it was a skullcap indeed. In the center there was room to stand upright, but the roof sloped on either hand until at the walls it was scarce two feet from the floor. A bench, a chair and a rickety stove clamped to the wall comprised the furniture.

I threw myself upon the bench, when a sudden thought brought me to my feet as by a spring. For this was the night upon which Richelieu was to meet Mlle. de Valois. That he should fail to do so would be monstrous. Escape, then, was necessary, — escape, not tomorrow or next week, but at once, today, within six or eight hours at the uttermost. I groaned aloud. How to escape from this infernal hole? I sprang to the window and tried the bars. They were cemented fast into the masonry. The strength of the door I already knew, and I ran over in my mind the barred gates and raised drawbridges we must pass before we shou'd be without the walls. I gazed out through the bars at the broad country, bright under the rays of the sun, and cursed the chance that had thrown us here, upon this day of all days. I heard the regular step of the sentry in the corridor, as much a prisoner as ourselves until the watch was changed. It came nearer, paused before my door, and then retreated. All was still.

Suddenly I heard a faint tapping as of some one endeavoring to signal me. I looked around trying to locate the sound. I approached the corner from which it seemed to come. It grew louder. I dropped to my knees and crawled yet nearer the wall.

"De Brancas," I heard a voice call, seemingly a great way off. "De Brancas, are you there?"

"Yes, yes," I panted. "But where are you, monsieur?" for I could not believe that a human voice could penetrate these walls of stone.

"In the cell below yours, as you know," replied the voice. "Do you know we must escape tonight?"

"Yes, yes." I answered again, still more astonished that I could hear his voice so clearly. "The tryst at the dryad fountain."

"You are a jewel, De Brancas!" cried the duke. "Yes, we must escape, and at once. There is no time to lose."

"But to escape," I said, "it is necessary to pass through seven barred gates and across three raised drawbridges. That is no easy thing. Have you a plan, monsieur?

"A plan? No. But let me come to you and we will find a plan."

"Let you come to me?" I cried, in amazement. "Gladly, but how?"

I could hear him laughing to himself.

"Did you think that I spent a year of my life here for nothing?" he asked. "The slab at the corner of your cell is loose and can easily be raised."

I was panting with excitement. So this was how his voice could reach me!

"A moment!" I cried, and my fingers groped for the loosened slab. It was soon found, but how to raise it was a question, for I could get no hold of it. In an instant I had torn the buckle from my shoe and inserted its edge into the crack. I pried the stone up, but a dozen times it slipped back before I could arrest it. Finally I raised it half an inch, grasped the edge with desperate fingers and with an effort which made my muscles crack tilted it up. I looked into the hole, but could see nothing.

"The slab is out, monsieur," I called.

"Good," said Richelieu, and then there was an instant's pause. "Now," he went on, at last, "as I raise this other stone do you slide it back out of the way."

In a moment it was done, and I found myself looking down into his eyes, so near they almost startled me, for he had placed his chair upon his bench and was standing on it.

"The guard will be back," he said. "Bring your bench to the corner and lie down upon it."

I did as he directed, and saw that he had jumped down from his chair and was walking carelessly about his cell. Again the sentry reached the door, paused an instant to glance within, and then went on his round.

Richelieu was back upon his chair in an instant.

"Now," he said, "I can pay you a 10 minutes' visit. I know the routine of this place," and he held out his hands to me. I reached down, grasped them, and he scrambled lightly up beside me.

I began to think that, after all, escape might not be such a difficult thing. What other secrets of the prison might he not possess?

"'Tis not the first time I have made that trip," and he laughed as he brushed the dust from his sleeve. "When the king sent me here to repent of that affair at Marly he permitted my tutor to accompany me. But in the evening we were separated, and he was locked up in this cell to spend the night. We were both dying of ennui, and determined to spend the nights together. So with infinite patience he picked away the cement around this slab and the one under it. As you see, they rest on the girders and so remain in place. The guard cannot see into the cells after night falls, so we were not disturbed. It is fortunate the corner is dark," he added, "and that the cracks of the floor are filled with dirt, else the ruse might have been discovered since I was last here."

"And now what?" I asked, trembling with impatience.

"Now to escape," said the duke, and sat down on the bench to consider.

But to escape, and with only our bare hands for tools! What a problem! Yet I was determined that it should be solved. Others had escaped from the bastille. Why not we?

"Clearly," I said, after a moment, "we cannot hope to break down the door nor penetrate these walls."

My companion nodded in gloomy acquiescence.

"There remains, then, only one possible way," I went on. "That is by the window."

"But the bars?"

"We must remove one. Luckily they are single, so that one will be enough."

"It is 90 feet from the ground."

"We must get a rope."

"A rope? Yes. But where?"

"I do not know," I said, but I arose and went to the window. Yes, it was not less than 90 feet from the ground.

"Well," said Richelieu, at my elbow, "suppose we had a rope. Suppose we had the bar out. What then? Do you not see the court is full of soldiers? We could not hope to escape them. But even if we did, there is the outer wall still to pass, — 40 feet high and with a sentry at every 20 paces."

I saw that what he said was true. To descend into the court would be to enter a nest of hornets. But of a sudden a new thought came to me.

"Well," I asked, "if one way is impossible, why not try the other?"

"The other?" exclaimed Richelieu. "What other, de Brancas?"

"The roof," I cried, and I knew I had found the key to the problem. "It is battlemented, is it not?"

"Yes," and Richelieu looked more and more astonished. "But I do not yet understand, my friend."

"Wait," I said. "Let me think a moment," and I sat down upon the bench, my head between my hands. Richelieu paced feverishly up and down the cell. At last I had it.

"M. le Duc," I said, as calmly as I could, for my heart was beating madly, "I have a plan. It is not promising, perhaps, but I believe it is the best that offers. I will remove one of the bars of the window. We will secure a rope. I will stand upon the sill and throw the rope over a merlon of the battlement. We will mount to the roof and after that trust to Providence. There must be some way down, and if there is, we will find it."

Richelieu's eyes were blazing.

"But can we do all this?" he asked.

"We must," I said. "The most difficult thing is the rope. It must be 20 or 30 feet long, and strong enough to bear us. If we had our cloaks——"

"I will get our cloaks," cried Richelieu. "I will make the rope. Come, I must return. The guard will soon be here. Slip the stones into place after me," and he dropped lightly into his cell.

I dropped the stones back into place, and heard him pounding at his door. The sentry answered him.

"There is no bedding in this place," called Richelieu, "and it will be cold tonight. At least I and my friend should have our cloaks. Ask M. de Maison-Rouge if he will not send to my hotel and secure us two good, heavy ones."

The guard went away, but soon came back again.

"Your request is granted, monsieur," he said. "You shall have your cloak," and then he mounted to my door and repeated the message to me.

I had the slabs out again in a moment.

"That provides the rope," I said, looking down into the duke's excited face. "Now it is for me to remove the bar. It will make some noise. Do you listen for the sentry and warn me when he approaches."

Richelieu nodded, and turned away to listen at his door.

I went to the window and examined it bar by bar. None of them showed any sign of weakness, but at one end of the second bar from the bottom there was a little crack in the cement. I must have something to use as a chisel. But what? My eyes fell upon the stove. It was falling to pieces, and I wrenched loose a portion of the side, which would do admirably for a maul. But for a chisel I must have something with a point,—why not one of the clamps which held it to the wall? They had been driven into the cement, how far I could not guess. I chose the one which seemed a little loose, and using deaden the noise as much as possible the piece of iron for a lever, managed to start it. A second wrench, a third—and I had it out. It was a sorry chisel, but must do, in want of something better. I muffled my handkerchief about the piece of iron in order to and attacked the cement about the bar. I saw that I could chip it away a little at a time.

So I toiled on through the afternoon, Richelieu warning me when the sentry approached along the corridor. It was weary work, yet my heart was light, for I had soon made a considerable impression, and knew I should succeed. My arms were aching and my hands were torn and blistered, but as evening came one end of the bar was loose, and I felt that I could pull it out. I stopped work then, told Richelieu of my success, and carefully gathered up the cement which I had loosened, threw it under the floor, and slipped the stones back into place. I drove the clamp back into the wall, replaced the piece of stove, and threw myself upon my bench to rest.

Scarcely had I done so when I heard footsteps approaching. The door opened and a man appeared upon the threshold carrying my supper, and I caught a glimpse of the guard standing in the dark corridor behind him. He placed the food upon the floor, went out again, and returned in a moment with a cloak, which he threw upon the chair, and withdrew without a word, bolting the doors behind him. I caught up the cloak, and saw with satisfaction that it was a strong and heavy one. But before I set to work upon it I turned to the food. A square of bread, a piece of meat, another of cheese, and a bottle of vile wine was all; but I was in no mood to quarrel with it, for I had eaten nothing since morning, and soon devoured it to the last morsel. Then I tore the cloak into broad strips and twisted and knotted them together. At the end of half an hour I had a strong rope, not less than 20 feet in length. A tap on the floor told me that Richelieu had also completed his task, and I sat down to wait for darkness.

It was not long in coming, and so soon as I saw from my widow that night had fallen in earnest, I raised the slabs and pulled Richelieu up beside me. Then I dropped the stones back into place, so that, when our escape was discovered, our means of communication might not be too readily disclosed. Richelieu had brought with him the rope which he had made, and I knotted both ends of it to mine, making a great loop. Then I sprang to the window and wrenched out the bar.

"We are ready," I said, and I felt my arms trembling with excitement.

Richelieu reached out and wrung my hand.

"I will go first," he said.

"No, no!" I cried, and before he could prevent me I had pushed by body between the bars and was clinging to the sill without.

(To Be Continued.)

THE COMET AN OLD VISITOR

Halley's Comet as It Will Soon Appear.

(Copyright, 1909, by Frederic Campbell.)

Halley's comet spends a very small fraction of its time within human view. If it be one of the triumphs of modern astronomy that it has accurately traced its course throughout its complete round of 75 years, it is little less of an achievement to follow it back through the centuries to the times before the Christian era.

It must not be thought, from the name that it bears, that Sir Edmund Halley was the first ever to see this stupendous object, much less that it came into being or first visited this part of the universe in his day. Halley saw the comet in 1682, and he died in 1742, 60 years later, and 16 years before the comet's next appearance. But the comet was an old affair when he looked upon it; and when he successfully solved the problem of its identity with a number of historical comets, and the periodical character of its returns to our sky, it had been making its round of space for ages.

That the comet originally entered our solar system from distant regions of the universe is practically certain. Once within our confines it was captured, as is supposed, by Neptune, our most distant known planet, and its speed became so reduced that it was compelled to adopt the elliptical form of orbit which it now travels. Now, when this happened no one can know or guess. It may have been within the history of mankind, or ages before. All we know is that the comet, like the moon, is here, and that it has been here for a long time.

Some of the greatest discoveries have grown out of what are called "lucky guesses." Halley had a strong suspicion that the great comet of 1682 was no stranger. He was familiar with the fact that remarkable comets had been seen in 1531 and 1607; and here were two intervals of so nearly 75 years each that he wondered whether these three were not one and the same comet returning with a certain regularity. His suspicion was converted to conviction, when he examined the courses of these three and found them to fit into each other so nicely that it was impossible any longer to believe that they were three; they were really one and the same.

It is strange that he did not go back still further to 1456, whose comet so shook Europe with terror and dismay, for here was the same interval, and he could not be ignorant of that visitation. He might also easily have included the famous comet of 1066 in his survey; but it seems that he did not. But in the three dates of 1531, 1607 and 1682 he felt that he had sufficient data to warrant a prediction. And this he now ventured upon—namely, that in the year 1758 there would be a fresh visit of a comet already seen at least three times; and so interested was he in the result of his prophecy, and so confident that he could not live to witness it, that he frankly expressed a hope that the world would recognize that it was an Englishman who made the prediction.

We have mentioned the fact that Halley strangely overlooked other dates that he might have included in his series, and that the comet has been traced back to the times before Christ. The gaps are not all filled in the earlier dates; but this is doubtless due to the want of records in an unscientific age. Beginning, however, with A. D. 1066, not a date is missing, although, owing to the disturbing influences of the planets passed by the comet in coming and going, the intervals differ from 74½ to 79 years.

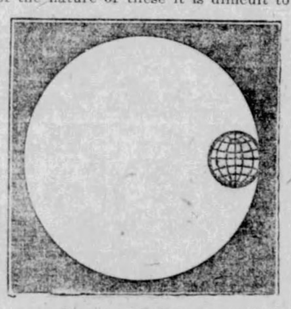
The earliest date which we possess is B. C. 240. Our next date is 600 years later—namely, A. D. 451. Then comes 760. Now we come to an unbroken series, beginning with 1066, the date of the Norman invasion of England under William the Conqueror, when the comet was supposed to be the symbol of his all-conquering sword, and people stood aghast at the celestial spectacle. The comet repeated its visits in 1145, 1222, 1301, 1378 and 1456.

It probably never produced such consternation as in the latter year. No one imagined that this was merely the return of an old visitor, absolutely no more strange than the return of new moon each month or of the planet Mars to apposition every two years. The popular mind was already in a ferment. The Turks had taken Constantinople and were threatening to overrun Europe, and everything seemed ripe for destruction, when the comet put in an appearance, confirming all fears, and seemingly depriving men of what little wit they had left. It was then that, according to tradition, Pope Calixtus issued his famous bull against the Turk, the devil and the comet. He at least ordered special prayers to be said and the church bells to be rung at noon, which practice continues to this day. Terrified by the nightly apparition which endured for months, the people poured their wealth at the feet of the church, imploring petitions that Heaven might save the world from its doom.

In 1531, the comet, almost forgotten, was again on exhibition. Following that it was seen in the years 1607, 1682, when Halley viewed it; 1758, when it returned according to Halley's prediction, and 1835, when it was last seen, and by some few who survive and are about straining their old eyes to see it again. Now it has just been freshly sighted, and we begin to see it with the naked eye. But the months of its glory and splendor are now close at hand.

The impressive thing about a comet is its long, sweeping tail. Halley's has been seen to reach a length of 45 degrees, which is equal to a line of 90 full moons. In appearance this is not unlike a searchlight, which, cast across a landscape, illumines all the finest particles of dust and moisture which happen in its way, giving an impression of substantiality far beyond the facts. It is perfectly easy for a child to walk through the beam of a searchlight, and to throw its full force upon a falling leaf would not disturb it in the least.

It is somewhat so with a comet's tail. It is one of the most unsubstantial things in the universe. The faintest stars can be distinctly seen through millions of miles of its thickness. On the 26th of June, 1819, the earth passed through a comet's tail without any result. The very best vacuum secured in the laboratory is regarded as solid millstone compared with the density of a comet's tail. It is therefore manifest that when we gaze upon such an object, we are looking upon next to nothing. Yet, of course, it is something; and, in order to know what it is, we must study the nature of the comet's head from which it proceeds. The solid part of a comet is its nucleus, or core. This is at the center of its head and shows more brightly than the rest. A large part of the head is nearly as unsubstantial as the tail, and may be likened to steaming vapors. Because of the nature of these it is difficult to secure an accurate measurement of the nucleus as it would be to judge of the size of Paderewski's skull beneath its corona of waving hair. But, when Prof. Charles A. Young says that the mass of the head of an average large comet like Halley's may be regarded as equal to a ball of iron of 150 miles diameter, it is manifest here that we have something truly substantial. The nucleus then is the real comet, and this is conceived of, not as a solid sphere, but as a mass of objects of uncertain size, held together by their mutual gravitation, and all moving under the influence of the sun.



Comparative sizes of Neptune and the Earth. To Neptune is given the honor of having captured Halley's Comet.

(Drawn by the author.)

Where these came from and how they happened to be, no one knows. But the substances of which they are composed are identical with elements with which we are familiar. Hydrocarbons and various metals respond to spectroscopic tests, iron, magnesium, etc.; and as matters develop with the approach of a comet to the sun, the hydrocarbons break up into soot and smoke, which is illuminated by the sunlight in which it travels.

Far away the comet displays no light nor tail; the influences of the sun are felt too feebly at so great a distance. But, with the ever increasing speed of its approach, there is a rapid increase of the sun's energy imparted to it, so that the nucleus, hitherto cold and dark, develops its hazy head and is first seen as an indistinct nebula; then the tail is thrown out and developed, as well as more fully displayed by reason of its near approach. Since the earth lies so near the sun in the celestial vastness, the comet approaches sun and earth at the same time; hence, at first its tail lies behind its head, and is seen nearly lengthwise; but when it passes our globe in either direction, we view it sidewise and obtain the full benefit of its entire length of millions of miles.

The development of the tail is due to the rapid increase of solar heat, and perhaps of electricity, driving out gases from the head, which are repelled in space. As the tail is always turned away from the sun, it is clear that some force proceeding from the sun is accountable for it. It cannot be like a trail of steam or smoke left behind a locomotive; for the comet does not travel in any resisting medium, and is actually preceded by its tail when retreating into space.

One of our most recent discoveries is that of the force exerted by light itself. No less than 70,000 tons of light pressure are received by the earth from the sun, and its law is that this force rapidly increases with the division of the object into smaller particles. The substances expelled from the nucleus of a comet by the sun constitute the most finely divided matter conceivable; hence the most sensative to the action of light. Some think that there is an actual bombardment of these particles by corpuscles proceeding from the sun with enormous speed. Hence they are swept back into space in the form of a tail whose light is chiefly, if not wholly, reflected sunlight, while that of the head is partly reflected and partly the outcome of the energies set into action by the sun's influence.

Comets sometimes run so close to the sun that they are torn to pieces by the tidal influence of its tremendous gravitation. Biela's comet is one of these, gone beyond recovery and now supplanted by the stream of meteors following its former course. The great comet of 1882 ran so close to the sun as to brush its coronal streamers, and it so felt the force of the sun's attraction when so close that it went to pieces before our eyes, breaking into no less than five separate comets, each throwing out its tail, after the pattern of the original. It is thus that, in a number of instances, meteoric streams are recognized as the remnants of old comets, feebly pursuing the old paths, and steadily exhausting themselves by self-immolation in the earth's atmosphere. Dr. Odling graphically demonstrated the relation of meteors to comets when, on one occasion, he extracted cometary gases from meteorites that had fallen to earth, and with them illuminated the theatre of the Royal Institution.

FREDERICK CAMPBELL.

America Leads in Savings Banks

ACCORDING to statistics prepared by an officer of the savings bank section of the American Bankers' association, the total savings deposits of the world are about $15,389,672,000. That sum is big enough to render possible impressive comparisons with even the greatest human figures.

For example, it means that banks hold sufficient savings deposits to give every man, woman and child on the globe $10.

Half of the inhabitants of the earth are in China, India and parts of Africa, where savings banks do not exist. The world's savings deposits would make at least $25 for every individual, or $125 for every family in all countries where such banks are known.

These are impressive facts. They indicate how general forehandedness is. They cannot show half or one-quarter of the true extent of the world's thrift, because hundreds of millions of people have put their savings into land and houses, not into banks.

Other property must be taken into account, and also banks which are not savings banks at all. Many a tradesman's daily bank balance represents a part of his real savings. His business covers most of his property.

In this matter of savings bank deposits no other continent can compare with North America, if the relative population is taken into account.

In the United States alone, the banks hold about $5,678,735,000 in savings deposits, which vast sum is about 34 per cent of the total for the world.

Here the average individual deposit in savings banks is about four times as great as the average deposit in Europe, Asia, Africa, Oceanica and Canada, taking all those continents, grand divisions and countries together for a grand average.

In the United States the average savings bank deposit for every person in the country, not merely for the depositors, is six times as great as it is in these other parts of the earth. In every such test there is an immense difference in favor of America.

But when it is said that the savings bank depositors of this country number 14,894,696 and that they hold, on the average, $381.28 per capita, the figures are misleading. They are the most accurate that can be gotten at, but they do not tell the exact facts.

The number of separate accounts in savings banks, or of savings accounts in all banks, does not mean the number of depositors. Many a man has deposits in two, three or even four or five savings banks, or in the savings departments of other banks.

For this reason there are really fewer depositors with savings accounts than the official figures indicate. On the other hand, the apparent average amount deposited is too small. The true average may be fully $500 apiece.

In all the world there are about 110,419,000 savings deposits. That means one for every 14 persons, more or less, including 800,000,000, at least, who live where there are no savings banks and hundreds of millions of children, and also hundreds of millions of whose savings are in land or merchandise.

The human kettle boils a good deal with unrest, but the civilized world is far from violent and destructive revolution of any kind. It is ballasted by its thrift and anchored by its savings.

ENOUGH AND TO SPARE

Curious Incident in a Kansas Political Election.

Kansas City Journal.

When Balie Waggener was 22 years old he was nominated by the Democrats of Kansas to run for attorney general. Opposed to him on the Republican ticket was Archie Williams, who was elected.

Waggener made a hard campaign. Always possessed of fine oratorical talents, clever and bright, a keen student and a fine mixer, he went all over the state and seemed to make a lot of headway. He returned to his home at Atchison the day before the campaign closed.

"I guess I'm going to win," he said to his wife; "it looks that way to me."

"Do you really think so?" asked Mrs. Waggener.

"Yes, I do;" was his reply. "I think that I can make it all right. I believe that I will be the next attorney general of Kansas."

Mrs. Waggener shared his youthful enthusiasm and by the time Balie had talked over the situation at length she, too, thought that her husband had captured the attorney generalship.

The night before the election Archie Williams came to Atchison to make a speech. Mr. and Mrs. Waggener both went to hear him and sat in the front row. Williams made a masterly speech of the old Republican kind, in which he pulled the feather out of the eagle in great shape, and padded up his address with fine logic and a lot of good hard sense.

In concluding he said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: It gives me great pleasure to appear before you tonight and commend the fine campaign which your fellow townsman, Balie Waggener, made against me. He fought a fair, hard fight. He made lot of friends. He made what I might term a brilliant campaign. Now, I wish to tell you folks what I would like to see you do. Tomorrow is election day, and nothing would please me more than to see you Atchison people give Waggener a fine send-off. I didn't want you to vote for me. I mean just what I say. I want you to vote for Balie Waggener—all of you, regardless of party affiliation. I will be elected, I know, and will have plenty of votes to spare."

When Mr. and Mrs. Waggener got home that night Mrs. Waggener said: "Balie, I somehow doubt your election tomorrow."

"I feel pretty sure myself," said Waggener, "that Williams will be the next attorney general."

But Atchison took Williams at his word and returned 1,500 majority for Waggener.

"Did Williams have any votes to spare?" was asked of Waggener.

"About 30,000 or so," was the reply, which came with a laugh.

Color of Water

St. Nicholas.

The waters of the seas, lakes, rivers and streams in general are very often colored. For instance, the water of the Mediterranean sea is not colorless, but green-blue; also there is a brilliant red river in South America. The St. Lawrence, in Canada, is pale green and the Ottawa a golden brown; where these two rivers meet quite frequently whole broad patches remain unmixed. Here is a gold patch and there a green one. Otherwise than this, water reflects the colors of its surroundings and a so-called "Emerald pool" in the White mountains is green because the birches and evergreens in the early summer are brilliant green. The Blue grotto, in Capri, Italy, shows a remarkabley rich color, near to green-blue, because all the light received in that grotto comes through the water at its entrance, and as I said, the Mediterranean is green-blue. The water of the geysers in the Yellowstone park is also colored by natural mineral dyes.

The Luke of the Mask

BY HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

Had an earthquake shattered the surrounding hills, and gulfs opened at their feet, it could not have spread terror more quickly among the transient guests at Villa Ariadne than this declaration. They were appalled; they stood like images, without the power to take their eyes off this woman. This transcendental folly simply paralyzed them. They knew that she was not the princess; and here, calmly and negligently, she was jeopardizing their liberty as well as her own. Mad, mad! For imposture of this caliber was a crime, punishable by long imprisonment; and Italy always contrived to rake in a dozen or so accomplices. They were all lost indeed, unless they could escape and leave La Signorina alone to bear the brunt of her folly.

The keen-eyed inspector took mental note of these variant expressions.

"Your highness," he said, his cap setting the dust on the stones flying, "a thousand pardons for this disagreeable intrusion. It was not officially known that your highness was here."

"It is nothing," replied the pseudo princess. "Only I desired to remain incognito for the present."

"And the seals?" purred the official.

"We shall go through that formality the morning after the ball. At present I do not wish to be disturbed with the turning of the villa upside down, as would be the case were the seals removed."

"That will require the permission of the crown, your highness."

"Then you will set about at once to secure this permission."

The air with which she delivered this command was noble enough for any one. The inspector was overcome. "But as your highness has never before occupied the villa, some definite assurance—"

"You will telegraph to Cranford and Baring, in the Corso Umberto Primo, Rome. They will supply you with the necessary details and information."

The inspector inscribed the address in his notebook, bowed, backed away and bowed again. The crunch of the gravel under his feet was as a sinister thunder, and it was the only sound. He spoke to the carabinieri. They saluted, and the trio marched toward the gates.

There remained a tableau, picturesque but tense. Then Kitty began to cry softly.

"Are you mad?" cried Hillard, his voice harsh and dry.

La Signorita laughed recklessly. "If you call this madness."

"Smith, my boy," said O'Mally, moistening his lips, "you and I this night will pack up our little suit cases and—movimento, moto, viaggio, or whatever the Dago word is for move on. I'm out of the game; the stakes are too high. I pass, signorina."

"How could you do it?" sobbed Kitty.

Merrihew patted her hand and scowled.

"What an ado!" said La Signorina, shrugging. "So you all desert me?"

"Desert you?" O'Mally resumed his seat and carefully loosened the topmost buttons of his coat. "Of course, we shall desert you. We are sane individuals, at any rate. I have no desire to see the inside of an Italian jail, not knowing how to get out. What under the sun possessed you? What excuse have you to offer for pushing us all into the lion's mouth? You could have easily denied all knowledge of the invitation, referred them to your princess, wherever she may be, and we could have cleared out in the morning, poor but honest. And now you've gone and done it!"

Hillard leaned against a cpyress, staring at the stones.

"In Venice," said she, her voice gentle, "you accepted the chance readily enough. What has changed you?"

O'Mally flushed. What she said was true. "I was a fool in Venice," frankly.

"And you, Mr. Smith?" continued La Signorina, as with a lash.

But it was ineffectual. "I was a fool, too," admitted Smith. "In Venice it sounded like a good joke, but it looks different now." He sat down beside O'Mally.

"So much for gallantry! And you, Kitty?"

"I made a promise, and I'll keep it. But I think you are cruel and wicked."

"No nonsense, Kitty," interposed Merrihew. "I've some rights now. You will leave this villa tonight."

"I refuse," replied Kitty, simply.

Hillard slipped into the pause.

"Did you issue those invitations yourself?" he asked this strange, incomprehensible woman.

"Do you believe that?" La Signorina demanded, with narrowing eyes.

"I don't know what to believe. But I repeat the question."

"On my word of honor I know no more about this mystery than you do." And there was truth in her voice and eyes.

"But are you not over-sure of your princess? Being a woman, may she not have changed her plans?"

"Not without consulting me. I am not only sure," she added with a positiveness which brooked no further question, "but tomorrow I shall prove to you that her Highness has not changed her plans. I shall send her a telegram at once, and you shall see the reply. But you, Mr. Hillard, will you, too, desert me?"

"Oh, as for that, I am mad likewise," he said, with a smile on his lips but none in his eyes. "I'll see the farce to the end, even if that end is jail."

"If!" cried O'Mally. "You speak as though you had some doubt regarding that possibility!"

"So I have." Hillard went to the table, selected a rose, and drew it through the lapel of his coat.

"I say, Jack!" Merrihew interposed, greatly perturbed.

"And you will stay also, Dan."

"Are you really in earnest?" dubiously. Why hadn't this impossible woman sung under somebody else's window?

"Earnest as I possibly can be. Listen a moemnt. La Signorina is not a person recklessly to endanger us. She has, apparently, put her head into the lion's mouth. But perhaps this lion is particularly well trained. I am

Tribute to America

There is a people mighty in its youth,
A land beyond the oceans of the west,
Where, though with rudest rites, Freedom and truth
Are worshiped. From a glorious mother's breast
Who, since high Athens fell, anmog the rest,
Sat like the Queen of Nations, but in woe,
By inbred monsters outraged and oppressed,
Turns to her chainless child for succor now,
It draws the milk of Power in Wisdom's fullest flow.

That land is like an eagle, whose young gaze
Feeds on the noontide beam, whose golden plume
Floats moveless on the storm, and in the blaze
Of surprise gleams when earth is wrapped in gloom;
An epitaph of glory for the tomb
Of murdered Europe may thy fame be made,
Great people! As the sands shall thou become;
Thy growth is swift as morn when night must fade;
Thy multitudinous earth shall sleep beneath thy shade.

Yet in the desert there is built a home
For Freedom. Genius is made strong to rear
The monuments of man beneath thy dome
Of a new heaven; myriads assemble there
Whom the proud lords of man, in rags or fear,
Drive from their wasted homes.
Nay, start not at the name, America!
—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Our Civilization.

New York Evening Post.

Human life is cheap in this country, but the ways in which human life is taken among us have usually been direct, simple, aboveboard, in keeping with our democratic and pioneer traditions. The pistol and the bowie knife for the individual, the rope and the torch for the mob, have been our historic instruments for the propagation of sudden and violent death. Add to this much favorite wholesale methods as train wrecks, mine disasters, exposed machinery and defective scaffoldings, Fourth of July celebrations and death-trap excursion boats, and it is more than ever apparent that we are a primitive people, ignorant of and indifferent to finesse of any kind. But when we begin to send people poisoned candy or put arsenic into their coffee in order to hasten a dilatory bequest or to collect on a large insurance policy, we are practicing an art that calls up all the memories of 16th century Italy, and of the court of Louis XIII of France. People who bewail the raw condition of culture among us may possibly rejoice over this sign of what is almost decadency.

Right-O!

"In time of trial," said the preacher, "what brings us the greatest comfort?"

"An acquittal!" shouted a low-brow who should never have been admitted by the usher.

The Limit.

Belle—"Are you going to the party?"

Nelle—"I haven't made up my mind."

Belle—"Gee! Do you have to make up everything?"

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling usually indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. Too frequent desire to urinate, scanty supply, pain or dull ache in the back, should also convince you that the kidneys or bladder are out of order.

What To Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, fulfills almost every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold urine, and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate.

The mild, pleasant and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful results in the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine, you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, and a book that tells all about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure to mention that you read this generous offer in the Toledo Weekly Blade. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

sure that she knows many things of which we are all ignorant. Trust her to carry out this imposture which now seems so wild. Besides, to tell the truth, I do not wish it said that I was outdone by Miss Killigrew in courage and the spirit of adventure."

"Oh, give me no credit for that," broke in Kitty.

La Signorina, however, rewarded Hilliard with a look which set his pulses humming. Into what folly would he not have gone at a sign from this lovely being? In his mind there was not the shadow of a doubt; this comedy would ultimately end at some magistrate's desk. So be it.

Merrihew cast about helplessly, but none held out a hand. He must decide for himself.

"Do you mean it, Kitty?"

"Yes."

O'Mally's face wore several new wrinkles; and both he and Smith were looking at the green mold on the flagstones as interestedly as if China was but on the other side. Kitty saw nothing, not even the hills she was staring at.

"Since you have made up your mind, Jack," said Merrihew doggedly, "why, there's nothing for me to do but fall in. But it's kings against two-spots."

"Mental reservation?" said the temptress. "Mr. Hilliard has none."

"I am not quite certain I have none," replied Hillard, renewing his interest in the rose.

A moment later, when he looked up, her glance plunged into his, but found nothing. Hillard could fence with the eyes as well as with the foils.

"Well," she said, finding that Hillard's mental reservations were not to be voiced, "here are three who will not desert me."

"That's all very well," rejoined O'Mally; "but it is different with those two. Mr. Hillard's a millionaire, or near it, and he could buy his way through all the jails in Italy. Smith here, Worth and Miss Killigrew and myself, we have nothing. More than that, we're jotted down in the police books, even to the mole on the side of my nose. There's no way out for us. We are accomplices."

"You will leave in the morning, then?" asked La Signorina contemptuously.

"I hope to."

"Want of courage?"

"No. Against physical danger I am willing to offer myself at any time to your Highness," with a touch of bitter irony. "But to walk straight into jail, with my eyes open, that's a horse of a different color."

"I like you none the less for your frankness, Mr. O'Mally. And I apologize for doubting your courage. But if tomorrow I should produce a telegram from her highness that would do away with all your doubts?"

"I'll answer that when I see the telegram." O'Mally made an unsuccessful attempt to roll a cigaret. This honeyed blarney, to his susceptible Irish blood, was far more dangerous than any taunts; but he remembered in time the fable of the fox and the crow. "We have been together now for many weeks. Yet, who you are none of us knows."

"I am the princess," laughing.

"Oh, yes; of course; I forgot. But I mean your real name."

"My real name? Have you ever before asked me what it is?"

"Perhaps we have been a little afraid of you," put in Smith.

The shadow of a smile lay upon her lips and vanished. "My name is Sonia Hilda Grosvenor." And her voice was music.

"Pardon me," said O'Mally drolly, "but were any of your ancestors—er—troubled with insanity?"

This query provoked a laughter which gave them all a sense of relief.

"My father had one attack of insanity, since you ask." La Signorina's face sobered. She stepped over to the wall, rested upon it, and searched the deepening eastern horizon. Yes, her father had been insane, and all her present wretchedness was due to this insanity of a rational mind. For a moment she forgot those about her, and her thought journeyed swiftly back to the old happy days. "Yes, there is a species of insanity in my veins." She turned to them again. "But it is the insanity of a sane person, the insanity of impulse and folly, of wilfulness and lack of foresight. As Mr. O'Mally said, I have gone and done it. What possessed me to say that I am the princess is as inexplicable to me as to you, though you may not believe it. But for me there is no withdrawing now; flight would do us no good. We, or I, I should say, have created a suspicion, and if we ran away we should be pursued from one end of Italy to the other, till this suspicion was dissipated. We should become suspects, and in Italy a suspect is liable to immediate arrest. I am sorry that I have tangled you up in this. I release you all from any promise," proudly.

"If you talk like that—" began O'Mally.

"Sh!" Smith elbowed him sharply in the small ribs.

"It's all right, Smith. No one can force me into a scrape of this sort; but when she speaks like that! Signorina, or I should say, Miss Grosvenor, you have the most beautiful voice in the world. Some day, and we are all out of jail, I expect to hear you in the balcony scene with some famous tenore robusto as Romeo. You will be getting three thousand a week. You needn't bother about the telegram; but I'll have to have a new suit," touching the frayed cuffs of his coat. "Now, if we go to jail, how'll we get out?"

"Trust me!" La Signorina had recovered her gaiety.

"Well," said Smith, "suppose we go and break the news to Worth?"

Hillard refused to canter, so the two walked their horses all the way into Florence. Merrihew spoke but seldom and Hillard not at all. By now the sun had gone down, and deep purple clouds swarmed across the blue face of heaven, forecasting a storm. * * * It was not dishonorable for him to love this woman, but it was not honorable for her to listen. Sonio Hilda Grosvenor; that solved no corner of the puzzle.

"Tomorrow," said Merrihew, "I'm going to look up the jail and engage rooms ahead. It might be crowded.

Hillard raised his face and let a few drops of cooling rain patter on his cheeks. "I love her, I love her!" he murmured.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Denoument.

The morning sun poured over the hills, throwing huge shadows in the gorge below. The stream, swollen by the heavy rains of the past night, foamed and snarled along its ragged bed. The air was fresh and cool, and the stately cypresses took on a deeper shade of green. Lizards scampered over the damp stones about the porter's lodge or sought the patches of golden sunshine, and insects busied themselves with the daily harvest. O'Mally sniffed. As the wind veered intermittently there came to him the perfume of the locust trees, now in full bloom, the flowers of which resembled miniature cascades hanging in midair. Pietro rocked, his legs crossed, his face blurred in the drifting tobacco smoke.

"No more tourists, Pietro."

"No." Pietro sighed, a ruminating light in his faded eyes.

"Did you ever see La Signorina before? Dou you know anything about her?"

"Never! No!" answered Pietro, with the perfect candor of an accomplished liar.

"Have you ever seen her Highness?"

"When she so," indicating a height about two feet from the ground.

"You said that you had never seen her."

"Meestake."

"How old would she be?"

Pietro wrinkled his brow. "Oh, quaranta, cinquanta; fifty—forty. Who knows?"

"Fifty! How old are you?" suspiciously.

"Settanta; seventy."

"Well, you look it. But why hasn't the princess ever been here, when it's so beautiful?"

"Woman."

"What woman?"

"La Principessa. Many villas, much money."

O'Mally kicked at one of the lizards. "I thought she might be young."

"No. But La Signorina—bah! they ar-r-r-rest her. Patienza!"

"You think so?"

"Wait."

"But her friend the princess will come to her assistance."

Pietro laughed scornfully, which showed that he had some doubts.

"But you won't betray her?"

"Never!" puffing quickly.

"It's a bad business," admitted O'Mally. This old rascal of a gardener was as hard to pump as a frozen well.

Pietro agreed that it was a bad business. "Eenspector, he come today, damant—tomorrow. He come nex' day; watch, watch!" Pietro elevated his houlders slowly and dropped them sharply. "All ar-r-r-rest!"

"You think so?"

"Sl."

"But you wouldn't betray her for money, Pietro?"

"No!" energetically.

Pietro might be loyal; still O'Mally had some shadow of doubt.

"La Signorina is very beautiful," irrelevantly.

"Ah!" with a gesture toward the heavens.

"And if she isn't a princess, she ought to be one," slyly.

"Zitto! She come!" Pietro got up with alacrity, pocketing his pipe, careful that the bowl was right side up.

She was as daintily fresh in her pink frock as a spring tulip; a frock, thought O'Mally, that would have passed successfully in any ball room. She was as beautiful as the moon, and to this bit of Persian O'Mally added, conscious of a deep intake of breath, the stars and the farther worlds and the roses close at hand. Her eyes were shining, but her color was thin. O'Mally, for all his buffoonery, was a keen one to read a face. She was highly strung. Where would they all land finally?

"I have been looking for you, Mr. O'Mally," she said.

"At your Highness' command!"

Pietro, hearing this title, looked from one to the other suspiciously.

"I have just received a telegram from her Highness."

An expression of relief flitted over Pietro's withered countenance.

"It wasn't necessary," said O'Mally gallantly.

"But I wish you to read it. I know that you will cease to dream of dungeons and shackles." There was a bit of a laugh in her voice. It was reassuring.

"All right." O'Mally accepted the yellow sheet which the government folds and pastes economically. There were 50 words or more. "I can make out a word or two," he said; "it is in Italian. Will you read it for me?"

"I forgot," apologetically.

Briefly, La Principessa di Monte Bianca gave Sonia Hilda Grosvenor full authority to act as her proxy in giving the ball; that in case of any difficulty with the civil authorities to write her at once and she would come. As for the invitation, she knew absolutely nothing about it.

This last statement rather staggered the erstwhile concierge. If the princess hadn't issued the invitation, who the deuce had? "This leaves me confused, but it improves the scenery a whole lot. But who, then, has done this thing?"

"To solve that we must look nearer home."

"Have you any idea who did it?" he inquired anxiously.

"No."

"Have you another invitation?"

"I tore up the only one."

"That's too bad. A stationer's imprint might have helped us."

"I was angry and did not think. Tomorrow a dozen temporary servants will be added to the household. We shall be very busy."

"Before and after," said O'Mally dryly. He wondered what she on her part had telegraphed the real princess. It was all very mystifying.

"Listen!" she said.

"Horses," declared O'Mally.

"Two," said Pietro, with a hand to his ear.

La Signorina's color deepened.

"Our friends," laughed O'Mally; "come up to see if we are still out of jail."

The dreamy, pleasurable days at the Villa Ariadne were on more. The spirit of suspicion, of unrest, of doubt now stalked abroad, peering from veiled eyes, hovering on lips. And there was a coming and going of menials, a to-and-froing of extra gardeners and carpenters, and the sound of many hammers. The ball room and the dining room were opened and aired, the beautiful floors polished and the dust and cobwebs of 20 years were vanquished.

In Florence there was deal of excitement over the coming affair, for the Villa Ariadne had once been the scene of many a splendid entertainment. Men chatted about it in their cafes and the women chattered about it in their boudoirs. And there was here and there a mysterious smile, a knowing look, a shrug. There had always been a mystery regarding the Principessa di Monte Bianca; many doubted her actual existence. But the prince was known all over Europe as a handsome spendthrift. And the fact that at this precise moment he was quartered with the eighth corps in Florence added largely to the zest of speculation. Oh, the nobility and the military, which are one and the same thing, would be present at the ball; they were altogether too inquisitive to decline.

Daily the inspector of seals made his solemn round, poking into the forbidden chambers, into the lofts into the cellars. He scrutinized every chest and closet with all the provocative slowness of a physiologist viewing under the microscope the corpuscles of some unhappy frog. The information he had received from Rome had evidently quieted his larger doubts; but these people, from the pincess down to the impossible concierge, were a new species to him, well worth watching. An American princess; this counted for much. He had even looked up the two Americans who rode up from Florence every day; but he found that they were outside the pale of his suspicions; one of them was a millionaire, known to the Italian ambassador in the United States; so he dismissed them as negligible quantities. He had some pretty conflicts with Pietro; but Pietro was also a Tuscan, which explains why the inspector never obtained any usable information from this quarter.

Hillard and Merrihew eyed these noisy preparations broodingly. To the one it was a damper to his rosal romance; to the other it was the beginning of the end: this woman, so brilliant, so charming, so lovely and human, could never be his. Well, indeed, he understod now why Mrs. Sandford had warned him; he understood now what the great mistake was. Had fate sent her under his window only for this? Bitterness charged his heart and often passed his lips. And this other man, who, what, and where was he all this time?

He was always at her heels now, saving her a care here, doing a service here, but speaking no more of his love. She understood and was grateful. Once she plucked a young rose and gave it to him, and he was sure that her hand touched his with pity, though she would not meet his eyes.

And so Merrihew found but little difficulty in picking up the thread of his romance.

As for OMally, he spent most of his leisure studying time tables.

At 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the day before the ball, now that the noise had subsided and the servants were in their quarters, La Signorina went into the gardens alone. An hour earlier she had seen Hillard mount and ride away, the last time but once. There seemed to bear down upon her that oppression which one experiences in a nightmare, of being able to fly so high, to run madly and yet to move slowly, always pursued by terror. Strive as she would, she could not throw off this sense. After all, it was a nightmare, from the day she landed in New York up to this very moment. But how to wake? Verily she was mad. Would any sane person do what she had done and was yet about to do? She might have lived quietly and peacefully till the end of her days. But no! And all her vows were like dried reeds in a tempest, broken and beaten. Even now there was a single avenue of escape, but she knew that she could not profit by it and leave these unfortunate derelicts to shift for themselves. It was not fair that they should be made to suffer for her mad caprices. She must play it out boldly to the final line, come evil or not. * * * Love! She laughed brokenly and struck her hands in suppressed fury. A fitting climax, this! All the world was mad and she was the maddest in it.

Some one was coming along the path. She wheeled impatiently. She wanted to be alone. And of all men Worth was not the one she cared to see. But the sight of his pale face and set jaws stayed the words she was inclined to speak. She waited restlessly.

"I realize that my presence may be distasteful to you," he began, not without some minor agitation. It was the first time in days that he had stood so near to her or had spoken while alone with her. "But I have something to say to you upon which your future welfare largely depends."

"I believed that we had settled that."

"I am not making any declaration of love, madame," he said.

"I am listening." This prelude did not strike her favorably.

"There has been a tremendous wonder, as I understand, about this ball."

"In what way?" guardedly.

"In regard to the strange manner in which the invitations were issued."

"Have you found out who did it?" she demanded.

"Yes." The light in his eyes was feverish despite the pallor of his face. "Who was it?" fiercely. Oh, she would have revenge for this miserable jest!

"I issued those invitations—with a definite purpose."

"You?" Her eyes grew wide and her lips parted.

"I!" a set defiance in his tone.

"It is you who have done this thing?"

"Yes. I am the guilty man. I did the work well considering the difficulties. The list was the main obstacle, but I overcame that. I represented myself as secretary to her Highness, which, when all is said, was the very thing agreed upon in Venice. I am the guilty man;" but he spoke like a man who was enjoying a triumph.

"And you have the effrontry to confess your crime to me!" her fury blazing forth.

"Call it what you please, the fact remains."

"What purpose had you in mind when you did this cowardly thing? And I trusted you and treated you as an equal! And so it was you who perpetrated this forgery, this miserable jest?"

"Forgery, yes; jest, no." Her anger did not alarm him; he had gone too far to be alarmed at anything.

"Why did you do it?"

"It did it as a man who has but a single throw left. One chance in a thousand; I took that chance and won."

"I do not understand you at all." She was tired.

"As I said, I had a definite purpose. An imposture like this is a prison offense. I asked you to marry me. I do so again."

"You are hiding a threat!" The mental chaos cleared and left her thought keen and cold

"I shall hide it no longer. Marry me or I shall disclose the imposture to the police."

"Oh!" She shot him a glance, insolent and piercing. Then she laughed, but neither hysterically nor mirthfully. It was the laughter of one in deadly anger. "I had believed you to be a man of some reason, Mr. Worth. Do you suppose, even had I entertained some sentiment toward you, that it would survive a circumstance like this?"

"I am waiting for your answer."

"You shall have it. Why, this is scarcely on the level with cheap melodrama. Threats? How short-sighted you have been! Did you dream that any woman could be won in this absurd fashion. You thought nothing of your companions, either, or the trouble you were bringing about their heads."

"Yes or no?" His voice was not so full of assurance as it had been.

"No!"

"Take care!" advancing.

"I am perfectly capable of taking care. And heed what I have to say to you, Mr. Worth. You will leave this villa at once; and if you do not go quietly I shall order the servants to put you forth. That is my answer."

"You speak as though you were the princess," he snarled.

"I shall Thursday morning-I am!" La Signorina replied proudly.

"I shall inform the police."

"Do so. Now, as there is nothing more to be said, be gone!"

He saw that he had thrown and lost; and a man who loses his last throw is generally desperate. Regardless of consequences, he seized her roughly in his arms. She struck him across the eyes with full strength, and she was no weakling. He gasped in pain and released her.

"If I were a man," she said quietly, but with lightning in her eyes, "you should die for that!" she left him.

Worth, a hundred varied emotions rocking him, stared after her till she was no longer in sight. There were tears in his eyes and a ringing in his head. Fool! To play this kind of a game against that kind of a woman! Fool, fool! He had written the end himself. It was all over. He went to his room, got together his things, found a cart and drove secretly into Florence.

(To Be Continued.)

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BLACK AND RICH

Is the Way Postum Should Be.

A liquid food that will help a person break a bad habit is worth knowing of. The president of one of the state associations of the W. C. T. U., who naturally does not want her name given, writes as follows:

"Whenever I was obliged to go without coffee for breakfast a dull, distracting headache would come on before noon. I discovered that, in reality, the nerves were crying out for their accustomed stimulant.

"At evening dinner I had been taught by experience that I must refrain from coffee or pass a sleepless night. While visiting a physician and his wife I was served with a most excellent beverage at their dainty and elegant table, and, upon inquiry, discovered that this charming beverage was Postm and that the family had been greatly benefited by leaving off coffee and using Postum.

"I was so in love with it, and so pleased with the glimpse of freedom from my one bondage of habit and so thoroughly convinced that I ought to break with my captor, that upon my return home I at once began the use of Postum and have continued it ever since.

"I don't know what sick headache is now, and my nerves are steady and I sleep sound, generally eight hours. I used to become bilious frequently and require physic; now seldom ever have that experience.

"I have learned that long boiling is absolutely essential to furnish good Postum. That makes it clear, black and rich as any Mocha and Java blend. Please withhold my name, but you may use the letter for the good it may do."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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Send me FREE One Sample Can of Hofmeister Beer Extract, enough to make 2½ gallons Fine Quality Real Lager Beer. I enclose 20c to help pay for packing and shipping.

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The FARMSTEAD

GOOD TO WEED OUT COWS

By Charles Fass.

I have been testing my herd and keeping a record of each cow for more than five years. Before I began testing I averaged about $30 per cow per year for butterfat at the creamery; I was not making any profit. The first year the 14 cows averaged 5,800 pounds of milk containing 224 pounds of fat.

One of the surprises was the great difference between cow No. 6 and cow No. 7. Both were considered excellent producers and both receivd about th same amount of feed. No. 6 produced 386 pounds of fat and the other 176 pounds. The one returned $3 for every dollar's worth of feed consumed, and the other $1.40. No. 6 made five times as much profit as the other.

Another cow that I had considered a low producer gave 5,970 pounds of milk containing 272 pounds of fat, and returned $2.25 for every dollar's worth of food consumed.

These instances show how unable we are to distinguish the poor cow from the good one without using the scales and the Babcock test.

At the close of the first year's test, I sold three poorest cows, changed from a summer dairy to an all-year dairy. began to read the best dairy paper and dairy bulletins, began to study how to feed a balanced ration, and consulted the university dairy department and received much valuable information.

The second years test showed an increase of 56 pounds of fat; the third year, an increase of 47 pounds; the fourth year, 17 pounds. The fourth year the herd averaged 8,628 pounds of milk containing 324 pounds of fat—a total increase of 2,800 pounds of milk and 100 pounds of fat over the first year's test. This was an increase of $23 on the net profits per cow (counting the butterfat alone at 23 cents per pound, but much more counting the actual sale price of the butter and the value of the skim milk, which is saved for the pigs.)

The increase in production is due to feeding a balanced ration, as well as to weeding out the poor cows and heading the herd with a pure-bred sire.

Last year one of the best cows died; a new cow and a heifer fell below the average; a cow that has been milked too long before freshening gave 169 pounds less fat, and an old cow that did not freshen dropped 69 pounds in fat. Because of these things the average was reduced to 307 pounds last year, but 10 cows that were in the herd the previous year made an average increase of 18.7 pounds of fat.

A silo was built three years ago and it has proved a good investment every year since. Ten low-producing cows have been sold and better ones bought; some good ones have also been raised.

As much depends on care and feed as upon weeding out the poor cows. During winter months cows should be kept in a warm, well lighted and well ventilated barn. The last two are essential to good health. The best way to ventilate a barn is by the King system. The cow must be comfortable and contented. The high producing cow must consume a large amount of water and it must not be colder than 48 degrees F. If the cow goes away from the water tank shivering, it will require nearly all her feed to keep her body warm and she will have very little left to produce milk.

A cow producing 50 pounds of 3½ per cent milk requires a little over three pounds of protein, 18 pounds of carbohydrates and nearly a pound of fat. Nearly all our crops in Illinois, except clover and alfalfa, are high in carbohydrates and fat and low in protein. We must balance up the ration by supplying products rich in protein, such as oil meal, cottonseed meal and gluten feed. I sell my oats and buy bran, oil meal and gluten feed. A variety in the feed also gives better results.

To the cows producing seven to eight pounds of fat per week I feed one pound of oil meal and nine pounds of a mixture of equal parts bran, Buffalo gluten feed, corn and corn meal and ground barley; to cows producing 10 pounds of fat, one and one-third pounds of oil meal and 12 pounds of

FOR BEEF ONLY.

the mixture. For roughage, 30 to 35 pounds silage, eight pounds mixed hay and about five pounds of corn stover.

We must study the individual needs of each cow. I weigh the milk of each cow daily. Whenever the flow begins to drop off I begin to look for the cause. The good dairyman, like the good engineer, must constantly keep his hand on the throttle. To make an unproductive herd pay well I find the following rules necessary: 1. Weed out the poor cows by means of the scales and Babcock test. 2. Feed the cows a balanced ration. 3. Grow alfalfa and provide an abundance of silage. 4. Head the herd with the best sire obtainable. 5. Raise the heifer calves from the best cows. 6. Continue to weed, feed and breed. 7. Feed the mind of the man behind the cow.

POTATO CROP ENEMY

The wart disease is a new enemy of the potato crop which is attracting great attention in Europe, and which is liable to be introduced into the United States at any time. It affects the tubers, forming large, rough unsightly warts, and, in severe attacks, completely destroys the crop. Once the fungus gets into the soil, it is impossible to grow a crop of potatoes on the land for several years.

The fungus which causes this disease was discovered in 1896 in potatoes grown in Hungary. It is now prevalent in many places in England and there is great danger that it may spread to Ireland. It is also found in Germany and some other European countries. It has been carried to Newfoundland, but has not yet appeared in the United States.

It is spread by using affected potatoes for seed, and, as this country imports considerable quantities of potatoes every year, there is danger that it may be introduced.

The United States department of agriculture has recently issued a circular (for free distribution) giving a brief account of this disease.

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I have a hog about nine months old which has been kept on a plank floor since last fall. About a month ago it lost the partial use of its hind legs, and for the last 10 days it has grown much worse, until it seems to have lost the complete use of its hips and legs. I turned it out on the dirt several days ago, but it shows but little improvement. It seems hungry, but eats very little. Some say it has kidney worms. Will some reader tell me what to do for it?—D., Hartville, Va.

My cow milks herself. I have tried all the remedies that have been suggested, but they have been of no more than temporary benefit. Would be pleased to hear from some one through the Farmstead columns.—M., Iola, N. C.

There was a question about glanders in The Blade of March 17. I have been waiting for an answer. My best horse has been quarantined on account of glanders, and I would like to learn all I can concerning the disease. Is there any danger of people taking it from horses? I would be pleased to learn something about the symptoms.—M., Belmont, Neb.

Glanders is one of the most formidable diseases to which horses are subject. It is diagnosed by a discharge from one or both nostrils, with a hard enlargement of the submaxillary glands. In acute glanders the discharge from both nostrils is so great as ultimately to impede respiration and produce death from suffocation. Chronic glanders may run on for years before it terminates in the acute form of the disease. The only other symptom of the disease is a harshness of the coat. The disease is highly infectious, and acute glanders may be communicated to healthy horses, while the animal first affected is still able to feed and work apparently as well as ever. It may be communicated to man by the postular matter coming in contact with any part where the skin is broken. Not a few deaths have happened from this disease.—Ed. Farmstead.

ADVENT OF INCUBATOR CHICK

The eggs in the incubator should be turned for the last time on the eighteenth day and the thermometer placed in a position where it will not be displaced by the hatching chicks. The ventilators should be opened as wide as possible and the temperature maintained at 103 degrees or a little above. As the hatch progresses it will be noticed that the lamp must be turned lower and lower each day and that while the eggs are hatching scarcely any flame at all is required. This is caused by the chicks themselves supplying a great deal of heat.

White eggs will generally hatch a day earlier than the brown and fresh eggs will hatch a little sooner. White eggs, if fresh when placed in the incubator and the temperature kept a little high during the hatch, will begin to pip on the eighteenth day. The hatch is not as successful, though, as when the eggs pip on the nineteenth or twentieth day. Where the incubator has been allowed to cool off once or twice and the temperature during the hatch to fall below 103 degrees the eggs probably will not pip until the twenty-first day.

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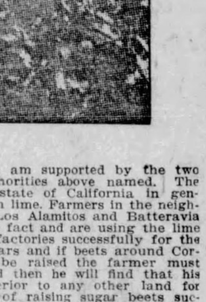

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MOST SUITABLE SOIL TO GROW SUGAR BEETS

From Beet Sugar Gazette.

A FIELD OF BEETS NEAR ALMA, MICHIGAN.

(By Dr. S. R. Oppenheim in Corcoran (Cal.) Journal.)

Dr. Maerker and Prof. Hellriegel, the two foremost scientists on agriculture and horticulture, declare that the popular idea that only certain kinds of soil could produce sugar beets profitably is "absurd and has no foundation whatever." They say "Our ideas as to the necessary qualities of a soil for the growth of sugar beets have changed during the last ten years in a remarkable manner for almost any kind of soil with the necessary moisture, tillage and plant food is suitable for the culture of sugar beets. Even heavy clay soils and hard pan may by systematic liming return very satisfactory beet crops."

I have always advocated the use of "refuse-lime" from sugar factories on the field, for the following reasons:

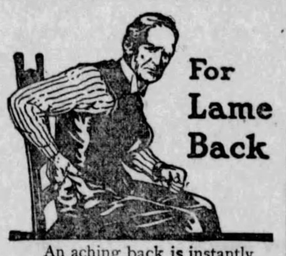
1. It is an excellent fertilizer containing a great deal of organic matter, albuminoids and even some nitrogen.

2. Systematic use of it modifies the heavy nature of the clay soil so as to allow the plant to root deeply and so renders the soil readily workable.

3. It neutralizes the acidous salts in the soil which make it impossible to harvest beets, and which are as sour as vinegar and prevent a good extraction of the sugar contents.

I am not standing alone with my opinion of systematic liming of the soil for any crop. I am supported by the two eminent authorities above named. The soil in the state of California in general is poor in lime. Farmers in the neighborhood of Los Alamitos and Batteravia know of this fact and are using the lime from sugar factories successfully for the last eight years and if beets around Corcoran shall be raised the farmer must use lime and then he will find that his land is superior to any other land for the purpose of raising sugar beets successfully. My researches in regard to Corcoran land for its value as sugar beet land are completed now as my results tally, exactly with those of Maercker and Hellriegel.

The most important condition of all for the successful raising of sugar beets is: The presence of a sufficiency of lime in the soil. No crop is possible without it.



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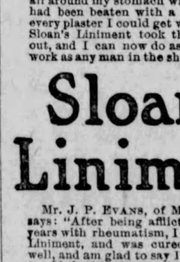
Here's the Proof.

Mr. JAMES C. LEE, of 1100 9th St., S.E., Washington, D.C., writes: "Thirty years ago I fell from a scaffold and seriously injured my back. I suffered terribly at times; from the small of my back all around my stomach was just as if I had been beaten with a club. I used every plaster I could get with no relief. Sloan's Liniment took the pain right out, and I can now do as much ladder work as any man in the shop, thanks to

Sloan's Liniment

Mr. J. P. EVANS, of Mt. Airy, Ga., says: "After being afflicted for three years with rheumatism, I used Sloan's Liniment, and was cured sound and well, and am glad to say I haven't been troubled with rheumatism since. My leg was badly swollen from my hip to my knee. One-half a bottle took the pain and swelling out."

Sloan's Liniment has no equal as a remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia or any pain or stiffness in the muscles or joints. Prices, 25c., 50c. and $1.00



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QUESTIONS BY THE VETERINARIAN

Dr. A. S. Alexander,
Wisconsin College of Agriculture.

Navel and Joint Diseases.

Is there any preventive for navel trouble in young foals?—Frank M. Pollard, Minnesota.

Reply—Navel and joint diseases of young foals may be prevented by cleanliness and use of disinfectants. The trouble is due to entrance of filth germs by way of the raw navel cord at birth. To prevent this, provide the mare with a clean, fresh bedded, disinfected and whitewashed box stall in which to have her foal. When the foal drops and the navel cord has been severed, immediately wet the stump of th navel with a solution of two drams of powdered corrosive sublimate in a pint of boiling water, and repeat the application twice daily until the cord dries up, falls off and no raw spot can be seen. If the cord does not break at birth make the mare rise, and she may break it in that way. If the cord has to be tied use a string that has been soaked in a 5 per cent solution of lysol.

Stocked Legs.

We have a work team and both horses have coarse coats of hair and are hidebound. Their hind legs stock up when they stand in the stable for a day or more, and they do not seem to thrive well. The water is sometimes thick and light in color. What causes these symptoms and what can we do?—McG. Bros., Ohio.

Reply—The horses should not be allowed to stand a single day idle in the stable. If there is no work for them to do turn them out in the yard or give walking exercise to keep their blood circulating. When they come into the stable bandage the hind legs from feet to hocks after giving a thorough hand rubbing. Feed whole oats, bran and hay, and add a few ears of corn at noon. Always give the drinking water before feeding. Allow free access to rock salt. If they sweat in the stable—and this is a common symptom of chronic indigestion—clip the hair from belly to a line with the breeching strap and strap of breast collar, and from there down to knees and hocks. Also see to it that the stable is kept clean and perfectly ventilated. Give each horse a tablespoonful of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning.

Gut Tie.

A last spring lamb for some days was constipated, and although I gave him large doses of salts and raw linseed oil, nothing passed from him and he died. He was well fed oats, bran and timothy hay, with some corn fodder, and the other lambs on same feed have not been affected. What would be the likely cause of death in such a case?—G. H., Wisconsin.

Reply—Feedinz too much coarse, bulky fodder without a due amount of succulent food, such as roots or silage or alfalfa hay or meal is the common cause of stoppage or impaction in sheep and lambs. When nothing whatever passes away on giving a physic and the sheep dies a post-mortem examination would be likely to show that there is a gut-tie, or the intestine is telescoped. Where this happens and the cause cannot be explained, the affected part becomes black or purple and mortified. There is no cure. It is all important to see to it that the bowels are kept moving freely and to that end the food should be laxative and the sheep should have plenty of exercise every day.

Gumption on the Farm

Now 'tis spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now and they'll o'ergrow the garden. —Shakespeare.

Trade one of the pups for a pig.

Roll the meadows and green fields.

Beware of planting sprouted potato seed.

Plant the garden when the cherry blooms.

It is scabby business to plant scabby potatoes.

Few farmers harrow quite enough. Harrow, harrow, harrow.

He who by the plow would thrive must straighten up and look alive.

Dogs can thrive on bones better than a woman can on unkind words.

Keep manure near the surface; plow it deep and you lose some of it.

Don't plow the ground too wet; get it just right, and then rush things.

Seek only that which is honorable that thou in thy poverty shouldst die rich.

Don't forget to make two sowings of clover, and be sure to use one-half alsike.

Those who charge farmers with the responsibility for the high cost of living tell a fib.

Do not rush the teams too hard; let them have time to get their shouders hardened to the work.

When a man insists upon giving you advice, you can readily get rid of him by offering

AYNER'S GREAT SPECIAL OFFER!

Read it—Take Advantage of it NOW!

We want to add your name to our list of patrons. We want to place some of our very finest Whiskey before you—so you may KNOW how rich, pure and delicious it is—and may appreciate how much you save by our plan of selling Direct From Distillery to you. And to induce you to send us your order NOW—we make you this special offer.

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HAYNER'S PATENT COMBINATION LOCK STOPPER is exactly as shown in the illustration. It is fitted with a dial like the combination on a safe—locks into the bottle and cannot be withdrawn by any one who does not know the combination. It is a safeguard against anyone tampering with your whiskey. The Decanter is in cut-glass pattern—bears no label or other advertising, and is an ornament to any sideboard.

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Blood Poison

but drives it out. It positively contains no mineral poisons whatever, so that once cured by the Obbac Treatment you never run the terrible risk of having your bones soften, your nerves collapse, your teeth fall out, your kidneys degenerate or your brain weaken. The Obbac Treatment is a real, protecting remarkable changes in only a few days. This is why we can offer to any blood poison victim living, no matter how bad a case, a

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If you want to be cured and cured quick—not merely dosed with mercury and potash for years. A 10-Day Treatment is yours for the asking. You can open your eyes at what it will do for you in 10 days. We treat you free for a month. Just write to us and get the treatment free. Then if you are satisfied it is the most remarkable treatment you ever took, you can continue if you wish. Never in your life will you ever again have such an opportunity for a complete cure, as we stand to lose by this:

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Our offer is a square deal. You sign nothing, no money, we make us no promises, except to take the Obbac Treatment. The wonderful Wasserman Test, the only blood test known to scientists, proves that the blood is completely purified by the Obbac Treatment, and that mercury and potash do not cure blood poison. Sit down and write to us, giving a full history of your case in detail. We will treat your letter as a sacred confidence. Consultation and advice free. We will send you also our remarkable book, "Driving Out Blood Poison"

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

CATACOMBS OF ITALY

Please give an account of the catacombs of Italy and of Belgium.—B. N. M., Long Pond, Pa.

The catacombs of Italy are in the immediate neighborhood of Rome. They are composed of subterraneous galleries, extending underneath the town itself as well as the neighboring country, and are said to contain not less than 6,000,00 tombs. It is now regarded as certain that in the times of the persecution of the Christians the catacombs were used as a place of refuge. There they celebrated in secret the ceremonies of their religion. It is also certain that the catacombs were used as a place of burial for the Christians, and that in spite of the contrary opinion which prevailed for two centuries, and even down to our day, the catacombs were not for the most part abandoned quarries, but were excavated by the Christians themselves. Throughout the Roman history these caves were used.

FERDINAND LESSEPS

Will you please give a brief biography of the life of Ferdinard Lesseps?—G. B. G., Milan, Mich.

Ferdinand Lesseps, the French diplomat, was born November 19, 1805, and died December 7, 1894. When he was 23 years of age he entered the diplomatic service, and after being consul at various places was ambassador to Madrid in 1848 and 1849. In 1854 he went to Egypt at the invitation of the viceroy, Said Pasha; there sketched a plan for constructing a canal across the Isthmus of Suez. Lesseps had a report published on this subject. In 1859 the great work was at last begun, and was carried to completion under his supervision in 1869. Lesseps also planned the Panama canal, but the company was dissolved in 1889, and judicial proceedings were taken against him and other directors for maladministration of funds and bribery. Lessens was condemned to imprisonment. He was elected to the Academy of Sciences in 1875, and to the Academie Francaise in 1884. He was the author of several works.

THE EVERGLADES

Please give me what general information you can about the Everglades of Florida.—H. B., Carlin, Nev.

The Everglades is a name given to a large shallow lake, or a low marshy tract of country, in the southern part of Florida; about 160 miles long and 60 miles wide. The causes given for the present condition of this region are the depressions in the new formed lands and incompletenes sof the water channels. The region countains a large number of islands, some very small, others with an area of hundreds of acres, covered with grass, plants, trees, varying from the water vegetation to that of the uplands. A large portion of the land is vegetable accumulations several efet deep; with little or no clay impurities. At the present time large masses of peat in its first stages are being formed on account of the lake destruction taking place in some parts of the Everglades. The slow current of the sluggish streams keeps the water pure, and fish and game abound. In some places an effort is being made to reclaim the Everglades by artificial drainage or by clearing the natural channels.

THE CABINET

Will the Question Bureau please give the names of the members of the cabinet of President Taft?—C. C., Ostrander, O.

The members of Taft's cabinet are as follows: Secretary of state, Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania; secretary of the treasury, Franklin MacVeagh, of Illinois; secretary of war, Jacob M. Dickinson, of Tennessee; attorney general, George W. Wickersham, of New York, postmaster general, Frank H. Hitchcock, of Massachusetts; secretary of the navy, George Von L. Meyer, of Massachusetts; secretary of the interior, Richard A. Ballinger, of Washington; secretary of agriculture, James Wilson, of Iowa; secretary of commerce and labor, Charles Nagel, of Missouri.

DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL

Will you please tell what and where the Devil's Punch Bowl is?—F. W. F., Cherrytree, Pa.

The Devil's Punch Bowl is a lake in Ireland, near the summit of the Mangerton mountain, in the vicinity of the lakes of Killarney. It is between 2,000 and 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is supposed to be the crater of an ancient volcano. It is about one-half a mile in length and fully one-third in breadth.

PATAGONIA

Please give as full a description as possible of the territory in South America which is known as Patagonia.—D. G. H., Louisville, Ky.

Patagonia is the territory occupying the southern extremity of the continent of South America. It extends from the Rio Negro on the north to the Straits of Magellan on the south, a length of 1,000 miles. The peninsula is 475 miles wide at its northern boundary, and 175 miles wide near the straits; its area, including both sides of the Andes, is about 350,000 square miles. Patagonia is traversed from north to south by the Andes mountains, which here lie nearer to coast than anywhere else south of the Isthmus of Panama. At many points the spurs of the mountain chain extend to the rocky edge of the ocean. The narrow strip of land west of the mountains and the border of islands fringing the coast belong to Chili. The remainder of the peninsula is attached to the Argentine Republic. East of the mountains the country is generally flat. However, the territory has been very imperfectly explored. There are several rivers that traverse the eastern plains, of which the most important are the Santa Cruz, the St. George, the Chuput, and the Rio Negro. There are believed to be several fine lakes in the interior of the country, but only one of these, Lake Viedma, in the southern part, has been explored. As to the climate the winters are long and cold, the rivers, but the plains are generally covered with grass only, or dwarf spiny shrubs. Wild cattle and horses are found on the plains, and pumas, guanacos, wolves, foxes and other large animals abound. The Argentines have quelled the hostile Indian tribes, and have made considerable exploration of the country. They find the northern plains of little value except for grazing, but farther south, the land is better fitted for cultivation, and some promising colonies have already been planted upon it. The original Indian inhabitants of Patagonia have now dwindled down to a few thousands. They have always been regarded as one of the lowest of known races in point of development. They are described as most repulsive in appearance, and though some impression has been made upon their savagery in certain districts through the missionaries, they are still rude, wild race, but are rapidly passing away before the inroads of more intelligent nations. Patagonia is now devided between Chili and the Argentine Republic.

AZTECS

Please give an account of the Aztecs.—G. R. E., Springfield, O.

Aztecs, properly the name of one only of the various tribes or nations who at the time of the conquest in the sixteenth century occupied the plateau of Anahuac or Mexico, though generally used as synonymous with Mexicans. These tribes were the Xochimilcos, Chalcos, Tepanecas, Alcoihaus, Tezcucans, Tlascaltecas, and Aztecas, which collectively bore the name of Nahuatlecas, and their language was called Nahuatl. Tradition ambiguously represents these families as emerging from seven caverns in a region called Aztlan, or as wanderin- away from their fellows to a grand cataclysm, and after a distribution of tongues. These traditions, however, do not fall within the domain of history, and critical writers have generally preferred to confine their researches within the period fixed by the Mexican paintings or records. Several of these are in existence, and although differing considerably in their chronology, they do not carry back the history of the Aztecs and their affiliated tribes beyond the eleventh and twelfth centuries of our era. There is abundant evidence, nevertheless, that the plateau of Mexico was occupied for many ages anterior to the arrival of the Nahuattecas by a people of much higher culture, of whose civilization that of the Aztecs was but a rude reflection. By some writers it has been supposed that this primitive seat of Nahuattecas was in Asia. Most, however, imagine Aztlan to have been somewhere north of Mexico, beyond the river Gila. But it is worthy of remark that no native history, chronicle, or known hieroglyphic of the Mexicans assigns a northern origin to the Aztec tribes, except the relation to Ixtilxuchitl, who wrote a considerable time after the conquest, and who in this matter only followed Spanish authors who had preceded him. The next question concerns the date of the departure of the seven tribes from Aztlan. According to Gimelli's painting, this event happened in 1038; according to the astronomer Gama, in 1064. Clavigero fixes the period in 1160, but great uncertainty is attached to all dates previous to the foundation of the city of Tenochtitlan or Mexico, which all accounts concur in fixing in the year 1324 to 1325. Tradition and the paintings represent that various halts and stoppages took place after leaving Aztlan, before the seven tribes reached the valley of Mexico; and the time is variously estimated at from 56 to 163 years. According to the painting obtained by Borluni they made no less than 22 stoppages, varying from 4 to 22 years in length—altogether occupying 162 years before they reached Chapultipec. It does not appear that the various tribes came in altogether, but took up their possessions successively. They found the country not attractive, and occupied by only a remnant of an anterior and powerful people, who had left numerous monuments of their greatness. From these people they learned many of the arts of life, cultivation of the soil and the working of the precious metals. At first they seemed to have lived in harmony with each other; but gradually the stronger tribes began to encroach upon the weaker, which led to combinations for defense among the latter, until a long series of bloody wars followed. The Mexicans (so called from Mexi, one of their war chiefs), ranked as the seventh tribe, and assumed the name Aztecas, par excellence. They were established first at Chapultepec, but encroached upon Chalcos, and finally, under the head of a succession of military chief, became the most powerful tribe in Anahuac, and established their imperial city at Chalco. This was in 1324 or 1325. From this commanding stronghold they gradually subdued their neighbors, so at the arrival of Cortes the Mexican emperor exercised a qualified dominion over nearly all the aboriginal nations embraced within the boundaries of the present republic of Mexico. This power was exercised without mercy and many thousands of their enemies were captured and sacrificed on the alters of their sanguinary divinity. Their form of government was an elective monarchy. As essentially a warlike nation they made the highest beatitudes of their faith the rewards of their bravest soldiers; and while the soul of the common citizen was believed to be subject to a purgatorial existence, that of the warrior who fell in battle was caught up and conveyed to the home of the Gods "the bosom of the heaven of eternal delight."

COMMERCE OF NATIONS

Please give the rank of the principal nations of the world in commerce.—L. R., Buchanan, Mich.

The rank of the principal nations in the matter of commerce is as follows:

Great Britain, United States, Germany, France, Russia in Europe, Belgium, Italy and Austria-Hungary.

JACK JOHNSON

Please give a short biography of Jack Johnson, the prize fighter.—W. H. S., Claremont, Va.

Jack Johnson was born in Galveston, Texas, on March 31, 1878. He has won the following fights: John Lee, Jack McCormick, Jack McCormick, Bob White, Jim Scanlan, Peter Everett, Frank Childs, George Gardner, Denver E. Martin, Sam McVey, Sandy Ferguson, Sam McVey, Sandy Ferguson, Frank Childs, Black Bill, Yg. P. Jackson, Joe Jeannette, Sam Langford, Charlie Hagbey, Jim Jeffords, Sailor Burke, Al McNamra and Tommy Burns. He knocked out Charlie Brooks, Horace Miles, George Lawler, Dan Murphy, Ed. Johnson, Joe Kennedy, Joe Kennedy, Jack Jeffries, Klondyke, Joe Butler, Sam McVey, Denver E. Martin, Jim Jeffords, Walter Johnson, Morris Harris, Black Bill, Peter Felix, J. Lang, Bob Fitzsimmons, Kid Cutler, Jim Flynn and Ben Taylor. He won on a foul from Fred Russell and Sandy Ferguson. He lost on a foul from Joe Jeannette. He fought to a draw with Klondyke, Frank Childs, Bily Stift, Hank Griffen, Frank Griffen and Joe Jeannette. He lost in fighting with Joe Chopnski and Marvin Hart. There was no decision in his fights with Sandy Ferguson, Black Bill, Joe Jeannette, Jack Monroe, Black Bill, Joe Grim, Joe Jeannette, Joe Jeannette and Joe Jeannette.

PRUNES

Please tell what process prunes go through before they are placed on the market.—B. S., Franktown, Va.

Plum is the name of a wild and cultivated fruit. Formerly our cultivated stone fruits were distributed in three or four different genera, but the highest botanical authority number the almond, peach, apricot, plum and cherry all under the genus prunos. The use of the plum is for dessert, preserving and drying to make prunes. In France several distinct sorts are raised especially for manufacturing into prunes, the most prominent among which is the Quetsch (known as German prune), St Catharine, Brignolles, and others. The fruits are not dried until the sun has dried off the dews. They are then picked by hand and spread in shallow baskets, which are kept in a cool and dry place. When they have become soft they are shut up in ovens for 24 hours; taken out and replaced, after the ovens have been slightly reheated again. The next day they are taken out, and turned twice in the ovens and packed in jars or cans for shipment. The finer kind of prunes only receive this treatment; the common sort are shaken from the trees, dried with less care and roughly packed in cases. A kind of dried plum is prepared at Brignolles, France, and bears the name of that place. It has the skin removed before drying and the stone afterwards. From the bruised pulp of plum and the kernels fermented with flour and honey and the mass distilled, a spirit is obtained in the south of France. In parts of France the prunes are separated and the smaller, better dried, are classed as prunelles. They find ready sale in nearly all parts of the world.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. L. A., Ukiah, Cal.: Your question is not plain to us, and, therefore, we cannot answer it.

N. C. H., Wilsonville, Neb.: The tariff on broom corn is $3 per ton. There are no duties on the other articles you mention because they are not imported.

E. S. New Lexington, O.: We cannot give a sketch of the life of Wirz.

E. B. T., Edmore, Mich.: We do not know where you can get the statistics to which you refer.

H. M., Cairo, W. Va.: When gas is burned in a stove without pipes there is always moisture on the windows.

M. A., Manley, Wis.: In this state you apply to some one of the county officers for government tombstones.

P. G. G., Frost, O.; M. W., Calla, O., and W. C. A., East Orwell O.: You all will have to see some attorney for answers to your questions.

H. M. J., Wayland, Va.: The Methodist church of this country was divided at the time of the civil war.

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, neuralgia or kidney trouble, will send their address to him at 704-5 Carney Bldg., Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured after years of search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success.

PRIMITIVE ASTRONOMY

Murder of Abel Pictured on Moon—Stars Lit and Extinguished Daily

We have it on no less authority than that of Caesar that the Druids taught their disciples many things about the form and dimensions of the earth and the heavens and a body of doctrine on the motions of the stars. Even death itself was to them an astronomical fact. They held that from this life we pass to take up our abode in one of the heavenly bodies. That they firmly held to this belief is manifest from the fact that they had no objection to lending money to be repaid in the other world. They looked upon the passage from this life in much the same way as we regard a journey across the Atlantic.

There is no doubt that even now in various parts of Europe the views of the peasantry as to the heavenly bodies and oriental phenomena have changed but little from those of their predecessors of a thousand years ago. A Russian contributor to the Bulletin of the Astronomical Society of France has given the results of his observations on this point, extending over the last ten years. The astronomical lore of the Russian peasantry of the north, centre and south is limited to a knowledge of the existence of the sun and moon, of three constellations of the Milky Way, of one planet, of comets, shooting stars and meteors. The sun is to all a mysterious and beneficent being.

The moon, covered with ice and snow, is ever in flight from its brother the sun. Upon its disk may be seen unmistakably portrayed the murder of Abel by Cain, the latter being done to death by a pitchfork. Chill are the lunar rays, and woe betide the child of man who shall sleep unprotected therefrom! From one who has just passed away. Comets are heralds of war and famine. No Russian ever forgets that the Napoleonic war followed the great comet of 1811.

NOT SO MUCH EXTRAVAGANCE

Bank Statistics Show That People Still Save Money.

Financial World.

James J. Hill, when he charged that much of the higher cost of living was in part the result of reckless extravagance on the part of the American people and their inclination to riotous indulgence in all sorts of luxuries, could not have had before him any statistics relating to the savings of our thrifty masses. Otherwise, Mr. Hill would have surrounded his admonition to the public with the reservation at least of confining this wasteful extravagance to the newly rich, of whom it is quite safe to say our country has its share. Statistics published this week by the American Banking association will at least relieve the great mass of the people of the indictment of extravagance. They have stowed away in the savings banks the enormous sum of $5,675,765,379. This is 40 per cent of all the accumulated savings of the world. The average deposit is $381.28. In the rest of the world the average deposit is but $101.66. One out of every six American has a nest egg saved up for a rainy day, whereas one out of every eight in the average in all of the rest of the civilized world, including France, which country is often referred to as a nation where thrift has been reduced almost to an economic science.

These figures indicate that the simple life and frugality are still the dominant traits of the average head of an American family. They also bring assurances that the foundations of our national wealth have not been impaired in the least degree. Much of the extravagance we hear so much about is more or less superficial.

When He Courted You

He didn't complain if you were a little despondent or irritable at times. Now he does. He's the same man. He didn't understand then. He doesn't now. Then he thought it was caprice and liked it. Now he thinks it is caprice and doesn't like it. But now he's busy getting money.

If he realized the full truth he would be more than anxious to have the wife he loves take the right remedy to restore her to true womanly health. Most men don't know that when a woman is weak, nervous, irritable and despondent, there is invariably something radically wrong with the delicate feminine organs with which her entire physique is in sensitive sympathy.

There is one, and just one remedy, tried and proven, that will put things right when the feminine organism is weak or diseased. It is

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This medicine restores perfect health to the weakened organs, and makes them strong.

It makes wifehood happy, and motherhood easy. It makes child-birth short and almost painless. It helps to make real "new women." An honest druggist won't urge upon you a substitute.

This "Favorite Prescription" is a pure glyceric extract of native medicinal roots and contains no alcohol, injurious or habit-forming drugs. A full list of its ingredients printed on its outside wrapper and attested as full and correct under oath.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and strengthen Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Easy to take as candy.

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Fill in your name and address on the blank lines below, cut out the coupon and mail to J. F. Stokes, Mgr., 622 Foso Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio. Enclose ten cents in stamps or silver as an evidence of good faith and to help cover packing, postage, etc., and a full $1.00 package will be sent you at once by mail prepaid free of charge.

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Escaping Identity.

London Nation.

The question is, which may be the cleanliest manner of escaping, not from existence (for that is a matter of a bare bodkin and a pail of water), but from identity, which is a complicated concern. It is evident that the desire for escape is almost universal among mankind. Consider the delight in masks and dressing up, the fetish dances, the fancy dress balls—all equally pleasurable for savages and society. Consider the joy of all men and women in giving themselves another face to the one God gave them—the joy in painting and false hair, in shaving, in tableaux, charades and theatricals.

Solemn moralists may call us self-centered, self-satisfied, self-conceited, but they do not go to Covent Garden; they have never seen a puny shred of human flesh so little self-satisfied that it posed as Achilles, or disguised the lamentable reality under the similitude of Neptune with his trident. A dog does not ape the lion unless man clips him; a cat never questions her own sufficiency; a rat dips his tail in oils only to lick it. Man alone of animals is plagued with humility; he alone mistrusts his value and longs to escape the trammels of himself.

RAILROAD IMPULSE IN CHINA

Her Captains of Industry Successfully Webbing the Land With Rails.

New York Journal of Commerce.

Thirteen years ago, when the Chinese gave a Belgian corporation the right to build one-half and an American corporation the right to build the other half of their great trunk line from Pekin to Canton, they confessed to utter ignorance about railroad construction or management. But the most difficult feat of railroad engineering in China, the construction of a road from Pekin to Kalgan, has just been accomplished by a native engineer, dependent on native assistance and out of capital supplied from the surplus profits of the imperial railways of north China.

A better standard of measurement could hardly be desired to indicate the rate at which China is advancing along the path of modern progress. It is true that Chan Tien-Yu, who has given the world a lesson in Chinese engineering capacity, is a Yale graduate and that he affectionately clings to the nickname of Jimmy, given him by his fellow-students in 1883. But he is a convincing example of what foreign education can accomplish for a Chinese in a field of effort in which his countrymen were supposed to be demonstrably incapable.

The Pekin-Kalgan road, 122 miles long, has over a mile of tunnels, it included difficult mountain bridge work and many rock cuttings, and the engines required for its mountain sections are the heaviest and most powerful in China.

Yet with these high initial costs and charges, the road has been completed for about $41,000 a mile, or about the same as the Pekin-Hankow or the imperial railroads of north China, constructed under the able supervision of the English engineer, Mr. Kinder. Some Belgian engineers tackled in the Ching-Tai railway a problem very similar to that presented by the Kalgan road, but although their line was only of meter instead of standard gauge, they expended $9,000 a mile more than did the Chinese engineer on a road intrinsically more valuable. But even below the Kalgan standard of expense are the costs of a mile of the Chinese built Kiangsu, Chekiang, Sunning & Swatow lines, which have averaged about $30,000 a mile, or, according to Chinese figures, as low as $20,000 a mile.

Widening Opportunity in the Navy.

A PLAN has been evolved by Lieutenant Commander Lay H. Everhart, U. S. N., retired, commanding officer of the New York board of education's training ship Newport, for the creation of a national merchant marine school where can be trained American boys who in the future may be called upon to command American merchant vessels, naval auxiliaries and transports used in sending American troops and supplies to our island possessions.

At present the boys of the states of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts and the city of New York are the only ones in this country who have the opportunity offered them to master navigation in all its branches through a system of properly equipped naval training vessels.

Commander Everhart, who is the country's leading student of the marine training of American boys, believes that it is unfair to the boys of other states that those of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and the city of New York should receive advantages that are denied them. The navy today is carrying a large number of vessels, long since obsolete so far as service in the line is concerned, and many of these ships are splendidly adapted for the training of American boys to be capable seamen. Such vessels as the third class cruisers Boston, Atlanta, Baltimore, Raleigh and Montgomery may be cited as particularly adapted for the purposes advocated by Commander Everhart.

Recently he put his views into writing and submitted them to the secretary of commerce and labor at Washington. The plan would remove from state control all of the ships now used in training boys in seamanship, the direct control of them reverting to the federal government in Washington, and the advantages they offer being thrown open to all boys in the United States under 18 years of age.

A few days ago Commander Everhart received a letter from the department of commerce and labor in which he was informed that his views met with the approval of the authorities in Washington and he was asked to draft his views into a bill for submission to congress.

In his letter he stated that in the merchant marine of the United States there was a lack of esprit de corps which might have serious results in case of war when the United States must look to the merchant marine for support. A great lack was noticeable in the homogeneity of training which would possibly result in loss of vessels and lives. There was a lack of opportunity afloat for the properly trained native American on account of employment from cheaper sources on many vessels flying the American flag.

He remarked that many advantages would accrue from the system which he advocated. It would draw on the entire country for students and thus bring into contact the people of the interior and the coast. Thoroughly competent officers for merchant vessels would be turned out; a homogeneous and patriotic reserve for the navy would be a result; and there would be available men with nautical education for employment in government departments on shore, where such knowledge is valuable.

At the present time practically the entire fleet of the American naval colliers is manned and officered by merchant masters and seamen, and the same is true of every military transport flying the American flag in Pacific waters.

The creation of such a school as Commander Everhart proposes and Secretary Nagel endorses would give the government splendidly trained American seamen to officer these ships while the second and third year cadets could be used on them as a part or the whole of the crew.

Then, of course, they would form a splendid body of trained men to officer American vessels in the merchant marine, both in transatlantic and coastwise trades. This advantage would be particularly felt should the agitation now being so energetically waged for the subsidization by the federal government of American vessels for foreign trade be successful.

On the training ships class rooms are made, and there every day the boys are taught engineering, mathematics and languages. Then another room, the sail-room, is rigged out, and there the boys make their own hammocks and do their own sailmaking. The class room, sail room and rope department finished, the boys go to work in the gymnasium, also of their own construction. The ships are enclosed in canvas, and during the winter months piers in New York have been used for maritime training of nautically inclined youngsters. In a few days the training piers will be dismantled and the boys will be taken on a training trip to Belfast, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, Plymouth and Cherbourg.

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You have fifteen quick shots without reloading—twelve if you use .22 LONG RIFLE cartridges. Two Models: One takes .22 short only, the other takes any one of three cartridges—.22 short, .22 long and .22 long Rifle, but the greatest accuracy is obtained by using .22 long Rifle exclusively in this model.

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Marvels of Volcanoes.

FOR thousands of years man has lived close to volcanoes, and he has studied them with the eagerness which matters of life and death awaken. He has striven hard to understand the laws of action or non-action which govern such mountain vents for internal disturbances of the earth's surface, and today the sum of his knowledge is small.

It is still uncertain whether volcanic eruptions are caused by chemical action in volcanoes and immediately under them, or by connection with great centers of heat and combustion, far down in the earth. It has never been determined whether there is a solid basis for the old theory that the varying pressure of the atmosphere plays an important part in causing eruptions.

Etna and Vesuvius, the Italian volcanoes which are now too much in evidence for the comfort of people living in their vicinity, are like the vast majority of such mountains, active now or within modern times, in being close to the sea. Almost all volcanoes which show signs of disturbances, within historic periods, are on or near the shores of the oceans and lesser seas, but it is uncertain what connection, if any, exists between these facts.

Indeed, the more volcanoes are watched and studied, the less feasible it seems to formulate strict rules concerning those outlets for terrific forces which man can either control nor gauge. No one can tell when a volcanoe will burst into fury. No one can foresee the extent of the outbreak or what form it will take.

Volcanoes which are rightly considered among the most active and formidable in the world, sometimes lie dormant through long periods. Vesuvius did so for 131 years, from 1500 to 1631, and the great crater of the mountain became filled with brushwood. Then followed the most tremendous eruption the volcano has ever had, except the one in 79 A. D., which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum.

It is impossible to foretell what a volcano will do if an outbreak comes. It may hurl out ashes and stones, or it may pour forth a flood of lava. Sometimes a volcano will discharge only vast quantities of water, in addition to the steam and gases which always accompany an eruption.

South American volcanoes have been known to throw out immense quantities of dead fish, from crater lakes or subterranean lakes or streams. Krakatoa, the volcano on an island in the Sunda Strait, off the coast of Java, made many new records for volcanic upheaval and destruction, in 1883, when it tore itself to pieces and with it the island where it stood. Then in the greatest eruption in the known history of the world, a volcano which was hurling out incredible masses of molten rock and white hot mineral ashes, flung up great blocks of ice, in the midst of the fearful heat.

Drillers of oil and gas wells sometimes experience the same phenomena on a small scale, when a heated drill breaks through the rock into a reservoir of gas confined under heavy pressure. Instantly the hot steel is caught in the grip of ice form

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Graft is a nonpartisan game.

It is still possible, it seems, to make Rome howl.

Never argue with a man who can talk louder than you.

King Menelik's last death is believed to have been fatal.

Mr. Roosevelt never allows the world to grow dull and uninteresting.

"Stop grafting," says J. J. Hill. Mr. Hill always has some good advice to offer.

Some one declares that sleeping in church is a disease. So is the long sermon.

Persons who saw Halley's comet in 1835 say it is worth the price of admission.

Some counties go from dry to wet without considering the feelings of the bootlegger.

The cool wave ought to enable the spring poets to catch up with their inspiration.

King Edward's health is not very good now, but he may feel better after he sees Mr. Roosevelt.

Anybody who doesn't like Mr. Roosevelt's advice is likely to receive more of the same kind.

If some medical scientist would make a diligent search he would probably find a grouch germ.

President Taft likes apple pie. If we were running for office we would prefer a cherry pie platform.

Many a man may not feel like planting a tree until the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy is ended.

Milwaukee's Socialist mayor-elect is not a dreamer. He doesn't expect to make a Utopia of the town.

No pretty woman will wear a hatpin that interferes with life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt never does much talking. As a suffragist she would be a complete failure.

Europe will never forget the fine time she had sitting on the fence watching Mr. Roosevelt go by.

Never kill a practical joker. He may be the father of seven or eight children who need his support.

A St. Louis pastor says there are 14 roads to hell. It will require a lot of good intentions to pave them.

The first crop of grasshoppers is reported from Geauga county, Ohio. Are they not picking them too soon?

Europe may never have another chance to see Mr. Roosevelt. Such treats don't come often in a lifetime.

Mr. Edison's storage battery is working, but the pessimists have not given up all hope of it making a failure.

It has now been a year since Peary found the North Pole. The first anniversary of Cook's whopper will come later.

This year's maple syrup crop is not large, but there is enough brown sugar in the country to bring it up to the average.

Kentucky raises more hemp than any state in the Union, and yet she has substituted the electric chair for the gallows.

If the earth is really 400,000,000 years old it must have changed owners many times before Rockefeller and Mr. Morgan got hold of it.

The Socialist mayor of Milwaukee will now have an opportunity to show what a vast difference there is between theory and practice.

The government census will not include an enumeration of the grafters of the country. All other trades, however, will be represented.

It is too much to expect all the people to agree on any one subject That is why there'll always be both dry and wet spots scattered over the country.

For violating the rules a number of Missouri school girls were compelled to memorize President Taft's inaugural address. It is not probable they will do it again.

The question whether the husband is the personal property of his wife is before the United States supreme court. Family matters of that kind should be decided at home.

A Massachusetts commission of investigation has found that the cost of living is less in Canada than it is in this country. But of course the batting average of the joy of living in this country is higher.

A Washington paper is telling men how they should conduct themselves at a wedding. Some men are in greater need of being advised how to conduct themselves a year or two after the wedding.

A New York professor has discovered that 8 cents would buy more of the necessities of life in the eighth century than $5 will purchase now. All those in favor of going back to the eigthh century to live say aye.

THE ROOSEVELT SPECULATION.

Tornadoes gyrate across fair landscapes, hardened grafters disclose their shame, death calls eminent men from their daily duties—but none of these casts shadow for a moment upon the great topic of American thought and discussion—what is Theodore Roosevelt to say of the Taft administration.

The cause of this speculation lies less in the anxiety of the nation to hear the comments of the most popular leader of modern times than in the known unconventionalities of the Roosevelt temperament. The former president has a reputation for shrewd, nail-hitting frankness. He is accustomed to speaking his mind, no matter whether friends quail or new legions of enemies take the field against him. When he returns he is expected, in many quarters, to do the unexpected and, it is to be feared, there will be grievous disappointment unless he furnishes this thrill to his fellow countrymen. The speculation, therefore, may be said to have a basis in hope. The world hungers for excitement. If Mr. Roosevelt does not provide a satisfactory amount of "jump-an-holler" there will be a noticeable falling of the temperature of popularity.

It has been interesting, if somewhat puzzling, to read the prospectuses of the speculators—interesting because they deal with the topic nearest the public heart, puzzling because the publicists do not agree with one another and, in fact, the same publicist does not agree with himself from yesterday to today. "From-one-high-in-authority," the reader learns, the Taft administration is to be ripped up the back and offered to the ragman. "From-a-member-of-the-official-family-whose-name-for-obvious-reasons-must-be-withheld," Mr. Taft is to be endorsed, but his cabinet is to be verbally assassinated. "A-person-of-unquestioned-right-to-speak-for-Mr. Roosevelt" avers Mr. Pinchot will be advised to seek some sequestered glade and never appear again, and the department of justice will be asked why Mr. Ballinger is permitted to run at large.

Considering the question seriously and reasonably, what can Mr. Roosevelt be expected to say of the Taft administration.

Will he approve or endorse the Payne tariff law? The former president, upon departing from the White House, said he was not an economist. "I have been engaged," he said, "with problems of morality." The tariff is the most complicated economic institution in our governmental fabric. To be understood thoroughly it must be studied long and conscientiously. Hasty judgment might hit the vital error in the Payne law, but it is more likely to land its arrow without the outer ring.

Will Mr. Roosevelt score any cabinet officers chosen by Mr. Taft? He might, but be sure he will have a word to say for the loyalty of the President in sticking by those he has chosen to hold his arms.

Will he criticise the policies of the present administration? Before this session of congress closes Mr. Taft expects to sign an act limiting judiciary powers in the issuance of injunctions, one that places the doctrine of the conservation of resources upon a thoroughly practical working basis, a third bill establishing a postal savings system, another bill which will admit New Mexico and Arizona into the sisterhood of states, and a measure for the further regulation of railroads. Mr. Roosevelt will have nothing in criticism of this legislation—that is certain.

Will he attack the character of the advisers of the President? It is here that the administration is most exposed to attack. Because Cannon and Aldrich have had access to the President it has been charged that their influence is uppermost in the White House. The fact is ignored that Mr. Taft refused to come to the rescue of Cannon when the speaker was cornered by the insurgents. It is forgotten that all the railroad regulation, all trust curbing, all the conservation tenets, are distasteful to Aldrich. And, further, it is lost sight of that Cummins and Murdock are nearly, if not as frequent, callers at the executive offices as the boss reactionaries. Mr. Roosevelt can hardly find fault with one group of advisers without complaining of the other.

The returning traveler will in every likelihood abide his time before he makes any comment whatsoever upon the Taft administration. When he does speak, censure will not characterize it. That may be set down upon the strength of the issues as they lie.

BLIND TO TOMORROW.

In the course of an able and inspiring speech for the cause of universal peace, General Isaac Sherwood said:

We are at peace with all the world, with no threat of war anywhere around the world. In a time of profound peace it should be the policy of this government, claiming to be a government dominated by the benign spirit of the only Christ, to make every possible effort to make that peace permanent and perpetual.

It is General Sherwood's belief that our army and navy are maintained through love for militarism. Instead, they are fostered by practical men who realize that the savage is not yet civilized from the hearts of men, that the nation unarmed lies at the mercy of the nation armed, and the weakest country is that which, warmed by the sunshine of today, refuses to admit the possibility of the storm of the tomorrow.

MARSE HENRY'S DREAM.

Dear old Marse Henry Watterson—peace be unto his house—has suffered from a bad dream again and put it into the paper. This time the veteran editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal came very close to the real, commonplace old style of nightmare, only his was a man on horseback. In a brilliant column of the glorious newspaper English that Mr Watterson knows so well, he tells of his fear that the popularity of Theodore Roosevelt is evidence of a growing danger of monarchism.

Colonel Watterson has had similar soul disturbances before. He saw the country go to the bow-wows when Bryan was nominated in 1896 and he saw it take the same fatal journey when Bryan wasn't elected several years later. He bade farewell to our beloved land when the Philippines were retained and waved a good-bye kiss to the flag when congress failed to turn Porto Rico adrift. It is a habit with Marse Henry, this pessimistic astrology, and those who know him and love him would not have it otherwise.

There is little danger that the United States will lend ear to any man who questions the ultimate of Roosevelt ism. The love of the people for the ex-president is too high and wide and deep to admit of any serious fears as to his wisdom or his patriotism. Marse Henry must dream again. He missed fire this time.

NOT A TIME FOR ILL-TEMPER.

It will be little profit to get angry with the census taker. He is hired to ask questions of an intimate, not to say impudent, nature. He is expected to be patient and to go doggedly ahead with his inquisition whatever the state of the temper he meets with. Besides, he has the authority and support of the federal government behind him and it seldom brings satisfactory results to defy the orders of Uncle Sam.

While the census bureau will be the storehouse of the biographies of all Americans, the bureau isn't the least interested in the individual. The information gathered by the enumerators is scanned by quick-eyed, nimble-fingered clerks who work at machines, gaining about the same impression of people as the lunch-counter waitress who said a man was simply something that sat on the other side of a plate of beans and a cup of coffee. The intimacy of the inquiries is lost in tabulations of figures dealing with births and deaths, nationalities and complexions, religious beliefs and occupations.

It will be the duty and the easier way to submit to the questioning calmly and let the census taker go his way. And it will be well to remember that all the possible jokes at his expense will have been cracked within the first eight hours of his labors.

BRITAIN AND HER OPIUM WARES

The greater part of the opium consumed in China comes from India where the trade in the drug is a highly profitable monopoly of the colonial government. In 1796 China forbade its importation and declared it contraband. English agents then proceeded to build up a system of bribery among the local Chinese officials so that opium entered China in enormous quantities. The smuggling was trebled between the years 1816 and 1836. In March, 1839, the Chinese government caused the seizure and destruction of all the opium which could be found within the empire. Britain immediately declared war. The Chinese were defeated and compelled to sign a treaty admitting the opium. The trade is worth now about $45,000,000 a year to the Indian government.

A few years ago China adopted a plan by which she hoped to wean her millions of opium victims from their curse. It was to be a process of slow regeneration. Restriction was to be placed upon the sale and use of the drug and, in time, the importation was to be forbidden for all time. China has made progress, but she has now run against a stumbling block—which is the government of Great Britain.

A few months ago Viscount Morley, secretary for India, rose in the house of lords and in trembling voice reviewed the perfidious record of the Tories in halting the progress of civilization. It was a great speech, but we know one reason why it made little impression. For this man, who could stop that unspeakable opium traffic, thinks of the $45,000,000 a year and will not. The word is a pitiful thing when deeds are not behind it.

THE BOOM IN RUBBER.

Three dollars per pound is the price quoted for rubber in London. A year ago it was as low as $1. During the season of depression it sold around 75 cents per pound.

No wonder London has gone mad with a rubber speculation. Ceylon, the Congo, South America and Central America have immense plantations and wastes wherein rubber trees grow, but the commodity is becoming scarcer and the demand is increasing. As the call for automobiles grows more insistant the manufacturers are forced to pay higher and higher prices for tires. Experiments have been made with substitute materials, but none will perform the work that rubber will. The electrical industry is wakening from the sleep of the panic and it, too, must have rubber or it cannot exist. So prices soar. Planters hasten to get their trees into the ground and new expeditions are formed to penetrate into untrodden swamps and wild mountain forests.

The chemistry of rubber has long been known. It has been broken down into its constituent compounds and elements. The scientists are striving now to build up rubber with these same elements and compounds. They haven't hit upon the right formula but they will, one may be sure. They have made commercial articles from medicines to dyes from coal tar. They have produced indigo that is cheaper than the original article and identically the same. With grape sugar they can turn out honey not to be recognized from the product of the hives, except that it lacks the wax. Rubber will come out of the laboratories. Then listen for the sound of the English rubber boom blowing up

SCIENCE AND THE HUMAN.

A note of human interest is contained in the writings of the naturalists of the earlier half of the nineteenth century that gives flavor to material inclined to be heavy and dry. The scientists of the period were hard-working, enthusiastic men, but exceedingly jealous of one another and given to spasms of temper and controversy tainted with contemptuous views of the attainments of others. One generation seemed bent entirely upon destroying the labor of Say, the pioneer. Conrad was in mighty battles of words. Lea had an overriding way with him and, having once given a name to a species, hung on with tooth and nail. As late as the seventies, Tryon said: "While not wishing to reflect upon naturalists of honor and integrity, I must accept Rafinesque's account."

There is another spirit in this field today—one of co-operation, of high respect and mutual endeavor to aid and further the cause of science. But one may see a sort of moving picture show of the older period in watching the conflict waging around Dr. Hilprecht, the Assyriologist of the University of Pennsylvania, who recently offered a translation of a tablet giving a description of the Flood. Scholars and explorers are struggling with one another for precedence in expressing their distrust and dislike. Dr. Hilprecht is pronounced "an amateur," "a faker," "a fool." The whole stuff is nonsense, one says. Is he afraid to invite a verdict from a jury of his peers, asks another?

Which goes to show that human nature is scarce to be eliminated by mere communion with nature or the delving into the inmost recesses of learning.

SPECULATIVE MACHINERY.

If the Chicago packers need a motto at once applicable to their business methods and instructive to their employers they couldn't do better than adopt: "In dealing with the public be sure to give it the worst of it."

This is the hen's busy season. It should be the time when the housewife welcomes the advent of fresh eggs when winter prices fade into forgetfulness and the last taint of ancient flavor at the breakfast table disappears. Yet the fresh egg is nearly as hard to find as it was in December Agents of the packers are gathering the new laid eggs and paying prices for them that the local dealers cannot afford to meet. These products are rushed to the cold storage plants to begin that hibernation which may last until Christmas or until the Christmas of 1920—as the packers find the markets suitable for unloading. There is more money for the packers in storage eggs at an advance over seasonable quotations than in dealing in fresh eggs minus the cost of warehouse maintenance.

The cold storage plant is a highly commendable invention. But it is also an invention which gives singular opportunity for speculation and manipulation, for which the public foots the bill. It is important that restrictions be placed upon the terms which meats, eggs and vegetables should serve in the refrigerators and it is become the duty of the state and federal governments to regulate these institutions out of the domain of the greedy.

DEGENERATING MISSOURI.

Evening was coming on. A steamboat, feeling its way gingerly among the sandbars and snags of the Missouri, was run up beside the bank; a deckhand jumped ashore with a line and the craft was tied up. An impatient passenger hurried to the captain.

"Won't we be late?" he asked.

"Late, seh! Lord-bless-us! We don't run as close to time as all that, seh! Late? My good-en-ness!"

Leisureliness, a fine air of deliberateness, were once the distinguishing manners of the Missourian. Before he fired he took a satisfying yank at his twist of eatin' tobacco and another before he skinned his game. Spring plowing came when spring came. Not before. The whistle was a pleasant musical incident of week days and the sound of the churchbell fell upon appreciative ears of Sundays, but work began when work began and the pews filled when neighbors were through discussing politics. All this in Missouri that was.

They breed a different kind out that way now, one that goes rushing and hustling about, worries about trifles and is sapped with nervous prostration. Harry Marcy Condrey, representative in congress from a St. Louis district, is of the new cloth. He introduced a bill the other day which proposes to make it a misdemeanor for a merchant of the District of Columbia to be found possessed of a street clock which is not running or is more than two minutes off the right time. A fine Missourian that! Slave to an hour and a minute hand, truckling to punctuality and making a face at a clock that has learned it has the run of its teeth with the commonest commodity in the universe! When a Missourian gives thought to the flying seconds how shall you know him from an anaemic rush-about of the effete east? He has lost his tag. His number is in the wheel.

"Late? My good-en-ness!"

THE APPETITE FOR ALFALFA.

Miss Ruth Ingham, a graduate of the Kansas State Agricultural college, made a batter of ground alfalfa and cooked some cakes. They were almost good enough to eat. She made up some bread. Keeping the high cost of living in mind the bread didn't go bad at all. Dried leaves were tried as tea. After real tea was mixed with the alfalfa generously it would be only the hypercritical who would say anything against the brew. Said Miss Ingham:

People must become accustomed to alfalfa before they will learn to like it. It is like learning to eat olives, oysters and many other articles of food, the taste must be cultivated. It requires only a few days for one to acquire this taste, however. I have tried the bread and cakes at home many times. The family were quite patient with me.

Kansas is the home of insurgency. It can break over the traces of convention easier and knock out the dashboard of custom with more readiness than any other state in the union. Hence Kansas may be expected to lead in the movement toward the alfalfa manger. It is proper that she be first to bury the nose in the hay and boast of it. We watch Miss Ingham's experiments with interest and sympathy. We ask only one thing—that she will not ask us to smoke the stuff.

THE GUARDIANS OF PEACE.

The wisdom of Providence in placing such a mighty mountain chain as the Andes upon the continent of South America, so many waterless deserts, jungles of forests and waste of swamp, becomes manifest in reading the dispatches from Lima. Peru is quarreling with another neighbor. Ecuador is this time the object of hatred and jealousy.

It can scarce be a year since Peru was squabbling with Bolivia, scarce a year since she threatened war with the umpire who decided against her in differences over boundary lines. A few years ago she was polishing up her arms because the claims of Brazil, in the headwaters of the Amazon river, lapped over upon an uninhabited and inaccessible tract of her own. History narrates a great and bloody war with Chile which left Peru panting and weakened and stripped of the nitrate possessions worth millions of dollars in royalties and export duties.

The inhospitable Andes tower between Peru and her neighbors. There are areas of sand that stretch to the horizon and in the lowlands are impassible tangles of vegetation. All of which are incomparable physical conditions for the cause of peace along the western half of the continent to our south.

RISKING THE LAURELS.

New Orleans is in the throes of a mighty agitation for an exhibition which will celebrate the opening of the Panama canal and the greatness of the Crescent City simultaneously. New Orleans had an exhibition before the virus for this sort of trade drumming began to work through the entire American system. It is remembered very pleasantly today by many thousands who wouldn't go to see another if it were in the next county. If New Orleans were to do the really sensible thing it would rest upon the laurels won and not take the risk of spoiling those already acquired. The exposition game is still going along, but not so merrily as of old. The ash man is carting away the papers and plans of world exposition schemes which died a-bornin'.

THE MILWAUKEE EXPERIMENT.

For the first time in the history of American political elections a city of the first class has placed the Socialists in charge of the government machinery. Milwaukee has given its suffrages to a mayor advocating the milder policies of Socialism and supported his arm with a council in sympathy with him.

There are many nervous citizens in the republic who will find occasion for new alarms because of this election. The period, however, when the word Socialism shocked or gave excuse for trembling has passed. There is hardly a scare left in it. The Socialists, for all the volcanic material gathered together in the writings of the chief propagandists, are recognizing the practical side of life. In Milwaukee they call themselves Social Democrats, which is a way of taking the bluntness out of the term Socialism. The Seidel campaigners preached home rule, the initiative and referendum and the regulation of the liquor traffic, which are not issues born either of the Socialist authors nor are they the private possessions of the party.

The election in Milwaukee may be accepted as evidence that the voters of Milwaukee are willing to make an experiment, though one hedged in and properly open to compromise. It will be watched as an experiment. There is no reason why it should be considered in any other light.

WHEN OLD FRIENDS MEET.

Mr. Clark Keysar, of Mankato, Minn., writes The Blade:

I noticed in your paper that Halley's comet has but few acquaintances in this country. I desire to inform you that I am looking forward with great interest to seeing my old friend of 1835 once more and to note if his long journey has been as hard upon him as mine has been upon me. I was in my tenth year when the comet came and I remember it well. I was living in Saratoga county, N. Y., and there was great excitement all about there. Some of the old duffers learned then to pray for the first time and others prepared themselves for war, pestilence and famine.

Mr. Keysar hints at a journey that has been hard, but yet we know it has not been too hard. For reminiscence holds its charm for him and he is mindful of the manifestations of human nature changed so little after 75 years. War, pestilence and famine was the cry of the prophets of 1835. It is the same today, where prophecy can be heard above the jeering. If the old duffers who learned to pray let their knees retain the callous of habit, the visit of our most famous traveler deserved the praise of the godly, not the exploitation of the calamity howlers.

We should like to be present in the mystic dawn when Mr. Keysar walks forth to salute the friend of his youth. As our hats came off, the comet, running at breathless speed though it be, would surely wag its tail in friendly recognition.

THE SOCIALISTS AND THEIR BURDEN.

The Socialist administration of Milwaukee has a double burden to bear. It must perform for the entertainment of a world craving the unusual and it must attempt to carry out the policies of a platform everweighted with pledges.

All three parties in the late municipal campaign argued for the control of the liquor traffic, for the initiative and referendum and for home rule. In addition the Social Democrats advocated:

The municipal ownership of the gas and ice plants.

The sprinkling of the streets by the street railway company over its own lines.

Cheaper bread.

Cheaper gas.

Work for the unemployed at union wages for an eight-hour day.

A seat for every passenger in the street cars.

Three-cent car fare.

A fixed eight-hour day.

There will probably be no difficulty in dealing with two or three of these policies and getting them out of the way, but most of them constitute work for giants. They will have to be fought for long and hard and tirelessly. Speeches and votes in the council will not settle them. When the successful candidate for mayor said the people should not expect too much of him, it is to be suspected he was looking ruefully at that top-heavy platform.

An Ohio county grange, after intelligent discussion, has decided there are two sides to the skunk question. Certainly—leeward and windward.

The smallest woman in the world is a suffragette. How insignificant she would feel voting for a man the size of President Taft.

New York's first trial marriage was a failure. Persons who still believe in the old way should feel encouraged.

Watterson Upon Roosevelt

Henry Watterson in The Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE time has come for the people of the United States to consider Theodore Roosevelt as they have never considered him before; to take him more seriously than they have ever taken him; to realize that he is altogether the most startling figure who has appeared in the world since Napoleon Bonaparte, a circumstance not without significance and portent.

He must be a poor American whose heart does not glow with pride at the unwonted honors bestowed upon this representative of his country and swell with exultant admiration at the way he is carrying himself. It is too late, if it were not personally offensive, to talk about self-exploitation. The incident in Cairo was wholly characteristic. The incident in Rome was thrust upon him. In both he showed the Theodore Roosevelt whose brilliant many-sidedness has captivated the universe.

He is pre-eminently a man who fits the word to the act, the act to the word, and does the thing which, however provocative of controversy, redounds to his advantage.

All that has happened in Rome, and more, will be repeated in Berlin, in Paris and in London. No conquering hero was ever made the subject of such demonstrations, each of the foreign capitals, each of the foreign potentates, vying with the other to pay him homage. Yet is he the winner of no victory on land, or sea. What is the meaning of it?

Something must be allowed for a disposition in Europe to be civil to America and the Americans. The year in Africa may not be lightly dismissed. It has appealed to world-wide interest and wonder. It displays upon a sufficient field manhood making good. The "fighting philosopher," the mayor of Rome describes him. That flatters the vanity of human nature. We rejoice in a man of battle who is a man of thought. Third after Washington and Lincoln, said the mayor of Rome, Washington the "creator," Lincoln the "consolidator," Roosevelt the "purifier" of the republic. "We look again to see him at the head of the great Republic," said the mayor of Rome. That is the keynote. And it will continue to be the keynote wherever he goes. Thus he will come back to us the European nominee for President of the United States.

Let no one fancy this an unmeaning or an idle compliment. Taken in connection with what appears to be the hopeless break-down of the Taft administration, it constitutes an event of the first consequence. With the Waterloo which seems certain to overtake the Republicans in the fall elections, the cry for Roosevelt in 1912 as the only man who can save the party will come up from every side, and it may prove irresistible. Hence the candidacy of Theodore Roosevelt for President in 1912 may be regarded from this time onward as so probable that the people should begin seriously to consider it. If we are to return Theodore Roosevelt to power, let there be no mistake about the terms of the new commission which is to be issued to him.

History has agreed that the best of all government is a wise and benevolent despotism. If the government of the United States under our written constitution of checks and balances be a failure—as many think it—and if there be needed for its executive head a strong man having the courage to take all the bulls of corruption by the horns, and, regardless of obsolete legal restraints, to shake the life out of them, then, indeed, Theodore Roosevelt would seem one fitted by temperament, education and training for the work. He is a patriotic American with humanitarian proclivities. He has shown himself fearless of consequences. If the people are sick and tired of the slow processes of constitutional procedure; if they want in the White House a President who, disregarding the letter of the law, will substitute his own interpretation of its spirit and intention; if they think that the reign of hypocrisy and cant and graft which marks our professional politics may be ended by the absolutism of a ruler who, as Roosevelt himself puts it, "translates his words into deeds," and who, charged with the cleansing of the Augean stables by an election putting the seal of the popular approval upon conceded excesses in the use of power and bidding him to go forward and apply the same remedies to a disease otherwise incurable, then Theodore Roosevelt fills the bill to perfection, for he comes directly from the family of the Kings of Men and is a lineal descendant of Caesar and Cromwell.

Before we get into the acrimonies of party conflict, the Courier-Journal asks its contemporaries throughout the country to reflect without passion or levity, and to answer to themselves, amid the blaze of light which casts an aureole about our wandering Ulysses, whether representative government in America is a failure, and whether the only cure for the evils which are admitted is the one-man power; because they may be sure that the return of Theodore Roosevelt to power will be so construed by Europe, and that on this account the demonstration of monarchism has its chief significance.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

A GREAT NATION WITH "THE BLUES"

International Sunday School Lesson for April 17 Is, "The Question of John the Baptist." Matt. 11:1-19.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The President of the United States, in a recent address at Newark, opened his heart, showing the discouragement which comes to a public man. That the President should be sensitive to the barbs of the newspapers and publicists came to some persons as a surprise; yet it may be questioned whether every strong man does not have his hours of depression, when he would willingly give up his work and retire to obscurity. Elijah had it under the juniper tree. The second Elijah, the brave and, rugged John, who had dared the vengeance of the powerful Pharisees and the tyrannous and lecherous Herod, had an attack of "the blues" that gives us this passage in the Gospel which has been assigned as the Sunday school lesson for the present week.

Theologians have talked about John's eclipse of faith; they forget the physical factors. Many a man thinks he is suffering from religious depression when it is only a torpid liver or overwork that ails him. A few hours in the open air and sunlight will work wonders with his faith. John, this wilderness "man with the bark on," this Bedouin of the desert, was now shut up in the grim fortress of Macherus. In the darkness and loneliness of the dungeon to which Herod's hate had assigned him he had perhaps scores with his faith. It was one of the occasions which test the strongest men. He fed on his own heart. His thinking became confused; he needed the strong winds of the desert to blow the cobwebs from his brain. He began to distrust himself and his past experiences. He had doubts as to the coming One to whom he had borne witness by the Jordan. Events had not developed according to his program.

Isolated souls are always subject to the danger of distorted thinking. That is why single men and women are so prone to become "queer;" and it is one of the reasons why "it is not good for man to be alone." John needed the corrective of contact with other people. So does everybody. There is a time to go apart from men, and there is a time to feel the pulsing life of humanity all about one. Every lonely, sequestered Christian should count a visit to a convention or a conference as essential as clothes or food. There are many men in North America who are deeply enveloped in "the blues;" let them go to the National Men's Missionary congress in Chicago in May or the World's Sunday school convention in Washington, a few weeks hence or to any one of the great ecclesiastical gatherings of next month, or to the World's Missionary conference in Edinburgh, and learn how mighty are the hosts of the Lord, and what victories His cause is having.

When a man is Down.

John in prison had the good sense to take his doubts straight to Jesus. He did not brood over them in secret, as do the foolish. When resolved into definite questions, and put squarely forward for answer, most doubts disappear. John was a man of action. So he sent two disciples—thank God for these unnamed friends, who stand by in the hour of adversity!—over the hills of Galilee, where Jesus was itinerating alone the twelve being absent on their mission.

In prison, his spiritual vision momentarily clouded, lonely and restless, great John nevertheless had no word for himself. He did not send an embassy to seek deliverance. He did not cry, "O Wonder Worker, get me out of this vile place!" Never a whimper or a whine was heard proceeding from this one of Macherus' dungeons. John was still the servant of the Kingdom. He cared more for that great Coming than for himself. The supreme idea of his mission still dominated him. He was primarily solicitous about God's truth. The noble self-abnegation which today finds, measurably, a parallel in the Russian prisons, contrasts with the conduct of a convicted Pittsburg grafter, who recently from his prison cell put out whimpering appeals for pity and assistance to his friends.

The great question of John is the burning question of today: "Art thou He that somet, or look we for another?" It is a question more important than the tariff question, the labor question, the woman suffrage question, the far eastern question or the question of the high price of food.

Still struggles in the Age's breast
With deepening agony of quest
The old entreaty: "Art thou He,
Or look we for the Christ to be?"

The Unanswerable Proof.

"Actions speak louder than words," says the proverb. Jesus did not answer John with argument, but with deeds. It is the doing that convinces. Beware of the man who talks of love and not of marriage; of the friend who professes loyalty, but votes for the other man; of the neighbor who praises your wares, but buys of another merchant; of a person who lauds Jesus and the church, but does not work for either. There is a whole sermon on the text, "Be ye doers of the word," in the way Jesus answered John the Baptist. He simply pointed to the things accomplished. "Go your way, and tell John the things which ye do hear and see; the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up, and the poor have good tidings preached to them."

That is the present-day vindication of Jesus and His teaching. The questionings concerning religion which trouble many persons are not to be answered in the theological seminaries, but on the mission field, and in the city slums, where men are being made over into newness of life. A recent remarkable book, "Twice-Born men," which the author, a psychologist, calls "A Footnote in narrative to Prof. William James' 'Varieties in Religious Experience,'" and concerning which Prof. James handsomely says that his own scientific work may with equal truth be called a footnote to "Twice-Born Men," deals with the redemption of notorious characters in the London slums through the agency of the Salvation Army. While the volume observes, measuraby, the lingo of the scientist, it is nothing more nor less than exact studies of instances of old-fashioned conversion, such as may be heard almost any night in the rescue missions of the great cities. The significant fact is that scientists accept it as the most valid evidence. Thus Jesus was in accord with the modern psychologists when he pointed John's emissaries to the works he had wrought.

All the arguments devised in Chicago University or the Parker House barroom cannot upset the evidence of the transformed Sandwich Islands, of Uganda, and the whole communities in Korea. The gospel at work vindicates the gospeller. The men who have of late awakened to a fresh interest in foreign missions will one day discern that on the mission field is being created one of the most powerful of all apologetics for the deity of Jesus Christ. Where He is preached, men are made new; where an emasculated religion of mere humanitarianism is proclaimed, the results are nothing.

A Great Man's Tribute.

To the up-to-date man in and around the country of the Jews it would seem as if that picturesque fanatic, John the Baptist, had become passe. He was "down and out." His sun had set in a dark dungeon of terrible Macherus. But Jesus knew better. He understood that truth cannot be kept in jail, and that any man who incorporates in himself a great message is immortal. What though prison walls held him close, John was still great with a greatness which was lowise dependent upon place or position. In this rough c[illegible] of the desert were the real and ele[illegible]al qualities of manhood, as well as the fire of a divinely touched preacher. It is easy for a nobody to seem to be somebody in the corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria. For a few hundred dollars a well-trained valet can make the veriest nonentity appear distinguished. But when stripped of all these sartorial and other adventitious accessories of an artificial civilization—what then? Prison, poverty, the desert—these plumb the depths of the real man. John was great, even in the fortress of Herod, and Jesus knew it.

Our judgment of others judgs us: Jesus' tribute to John was a revelation of His own greatness. Only the small and ignoble fail to be magnanimous and to accord another his plate. Jesus freely declared John to be the greatest prophet of the old order. The men who had made Israel's spiritual history were not his equal: for he was the flower and fruit of their ministry. He stood on the shoulders of all who had gone before, and from that height he proclaimed the sunrise which he could fully see; where they had merely glimpsed the first gleams of the dawn.

In one of the rather enigmatical sentences in which he seemed to delight, Jesus proceeded to declare the kingdom "the that is but little in the Kingdom of heaven is greater than he." That is to say, the inheritors of the kingdom have greater privileges than the preparers of it: "The least child is greater than the highest servant," says Abbott. Similarly, Peloubet comments, "The least seed that has grown above ground is greater than the greatest that is still under ground." The child today learns much that his grandparents never knew. The common man has powers, luxuries and knowledge once denied to kings. Richard the Lion-Hearted, with his battleax, would have no chance with a modern private soldier with his rifle. We should be glad for the time in which we live—and try to measure up to our added powers and opportunities.

Be Honest and Save Money

Lord Strathcona.

When I was a boy my mother taught me to be honest and save money. She made me work, which was another good thing. When I was earning only 50 cents a day I saved half of it. No man can succeed in life if he spends all he makes. Frugality is a necessity in every man's life. Then I prepared myself for my work. Prepare is a word I like. Mr. Carnegie when he was a common blacksmith prepared himself; he worked hard; he did his best. I have no friends that I think more of than Mr. Carnegie. So it was with Mr. Hill. When he was a mud clerk on the levee in St. Paul, working for 50 cents a day, he prepared himself for his work. Then, too, he saved his money. His old clothes didn't make him any less a gentleman. Mr. Hill has told me that his only luxury in those days was books. I never met a man who possessed a greater fund of knowledge than Mr. Hill. He is a power in the financial world today. I should like to tell every young man starting out in life the necessity of preparing himself for his work. Then he must be honest and save his money.

A penniless American girl is to marry a prince with an income of a million a year. Sounds like fiction, doesn't it?

Varieties

England's "boy scouts" now numb[illegible] 300,000.

England's high roads cost $4,000 [illegible] mile to construct.

A rook can fly 60 miles an hour [illegible] hawk 150 miles.

Eight cubic feet of snow equal [illegible] cubic foot of water.

The use of trackless trolleys is rapidly extending in Europe.

The London police in 1908 arrested 3,492 children under 16.

People, as a rule, hear better with the right than with left ear.

Newspaper advertisements made their earliest appearance in 1652.

An uncut diamond looks very much like a bit of the best gum arabic.

A horse eats nine times its weight in food in a year, a sheep six times.

The annual wheat crop of Great Britain amounts to about 400,000,000 bushels.

Fifty-seven unmarried people committ suicide to only 43 married.

There were 478 persons killed and 1,404 injured on Canadian railways in 1909.

India's revenue from the opium trade last year amounted to about $23,079,500.

More than 7,000,000 pounds of tobacco were produced in the Transvaal in 1[illegible]

The 652 registered trade unions of Great Britain have a total membership of 1,973,560.

About 5,200 trade marks are registered during the course of the year at the patent office.

The number of horses in the United States January 1, 1909, was nearly 1[illegible],000,000.

The temperature of steam at ex[illegible] pound pressure is 216.3. At 30 pounds pressure it is 274.3.

The value of automobiles entering the world's markets in 1909 exceeded $50,000,000, against $9,000,000 in 190[illegible]

The great majority of immigrant arrivals at the present time are coming from Austria, Russia and Italy.

The Carnegie Steel Co. pays about one-seventh of the entire taxes collected by the city of Youngstown, O.

It is estimated that constantly some 3,000,000 people in the United States are ill from preventable causes.

In New York proposed extensions of the subway are contemplated which represent an expenditure of $100,000,000.

Experiments with the ultra-violet light appear to show that it is more effective for sterilizing liquids than ozone.

There are workingmen with families in Germany who, with an income of $5 a week, are able to buy an occasional book.

The hardest wood in the world is ebony, but cocus, which is much used for making flutes and similar musical instruments.

The total amount of money in the United States treasury to the credit of the patent office at the end of the fiscal year 1908 was 6,890,725.89.

Of 12,000,000,000 letters written in a year by the world at large, 8,000,000,000 are in English, 1,200,000,000 in German and only 1,000,000,000 in French.

The amount of carbon exhaled from a man's lungs each day, if it could be solidified, would equal that in a lump of coal weighing half a ton.

The average weight of a man 5 feet 6 inches in height at the age of 35 to 40 years is 147 pounds. The feminine average is five pounds less.

Professor Lowell announces that he has discovered a new canal a thousand miles in length on Mars. The canal developed between May and September of last year.

Fifteen women have been elected to the new parliament of Finland. The previous parliament, the first to which women were eligible, had 19 women among its members.

A Pittsburg widow who was compelled to sell her beautiful hair in order to keep her children from starving has received an offer of marriage from a rich man in Oklahoma.

Organizations representing more than 2,000 Hawaiian women sent a cablegram to the Hawaiian delegate in congress, asking his support for the cause of woman suffrage.

Gold pieces are the only coins of the United States which are worth the face value intrinsically. A double eagle contains $20 worth of gold, without counting the one-tenth part of copper.

A new electrically heated bath lounging robe has woven into the fabric 7,000 feet of specially constructed wire to distribute current taken from a lamp socket without danger of shock or fire.

The importation of spirits, wines and malt liquors as a whole made the highest record in 1909, their value having aggregated $26,750,000, against less than $19,000,000 in 1908 and $12,250,000 in 1899.

Miss Margaret Lennon, principal of the McKinley school in St. Paul, Minn., is said to have the first if not the only good manners class in the world. The class has an average attendance of nearly a thousand.

A New Jersey farmer has patented a cover for milking pails that admits the milk through a strainer covered with a cloth that may be removed for cleansing and which even keeps the pure air from entering the pail.

Recent experiments have proved conclusively that coal dust which has been ground to so state so fine that it will pass a 200-mesh sieve will explode

The Overland
The Simplest Car

The Overland outsells all other cars, largely because of its matchless simplicity.

The Overland—hardly more than two years old—has become the sensation of motordom.

Four factories, employing 4,000 men, turn out 140 Overlands daily to meet the overwhelming demand.

Texas takes 1,500, Kansas 1,000, Iowa 1,000, Nebraska 750—all for this season's delivery. So it is in every section where this remarkable car has been known for a year.

One reason is that the Overland is almost trouble-proof. The usual complex features have all been eliminated.

A child can master the car in ten minutes. A novice can run it and care for it.

One simply pushes pedals forward or backward to get on low speed, high speed or reverse. It is as simple as walking.

The car almost cares for itself. Many an owner has run from 7,000 to 10,000 miles without even cleaning a spark plug.

No expert is needed. And the cost of upkeep is the smallest of any capable car.

Then the Overland gives more for the money than any other car in existence. This is due to our enormous production and our automatic machinery.

For $1,000 you can get a 25-horse-power Overland with a 102-inch wheel base. No other car of such size and power sells nearly so low.

For $1,250 you can get a 40-horse-power Overland with a 112-inch wheel base. All prices include five lamps and magneto.

Know the Facts

More people are buying Overlands than any other car. There must be some very strong reasons, and those reasons will appeal to you.

We have two free books which will tell you the facts. Every motor car lover should read them. Cut out this coupon as a reminder to write for these books today.

$1,000 to $1,500—According to size, style and power.

E 28

The Willys-Overland Co.
Toledo, Ohio.
Licensed Under Selden Patent.
Please send me the two books free

(48)

IS YOUR LIFE WORTH A TWO CENT STAMP?

Neglected Heart Disease Can Lead to Only One End

HEALTH

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

I want humanity to have the benefit of my discovery. It is my ambition to place my Heart Tablets in the hands of every sufferer. My confidence is so great—I know so well just what they will do—that I will send a course of treatment, sufficient for a good, fair, honest test, by mail, postpaid, absolutely free, to any sufferer, anywhere. No case should be pronounced incurable before they are used.

SICKNESS

THOUSANDS HAVE HEART DISEASE AND DO NOT KNOW IT

Through ignorance of the symptoms they are being hurried on to almost certain death. While they doctor the stomach, lungs, kidneys or nerves, the true cause of their trouble—heart disease—obtains a most deadly grasp on the system. Nearly all of these deaths are needless and could have easily been avoided had my heart treatment been used. **If you have any one—even only one—of the following symptoms,** take steps to-day to protect yourself from sudden death. Delay may mean death.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

There is no part of the country in which remarkable cures have not been made—cases pronounced incurable and where all hope had been abandoned. A list of over 1,000 recent testimonials and endorsements—every one guaranteed genuine—will be sent with the free treatment.

Fluttering; Palpitation; Skipping Beats; Shortness of Breath; Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, in the arm or under the shoulder blade; Fainting Spells; Nervousness; Dizziness; Sinking Spells; Spots before the eyes; Hungry or Weak Spells; Sudden Starting in Sleep; Nightmare; Choking Sensation in Throat; Oppressed Feeling in Chest; Cold Hands or Feet; Pain when lying on left side; Dropsy; Swelling of Feet or Ankles (one of the surest signs); or Neuralgia around the Heart.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 920 Augusta, Maine.
Please send me by mail, postpaid, absolutely free of charge, a course of your celebrated Heart Treatment.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Address Dr. F. G. KINSMAN, Box 920 Augusta, Maine

DEMAND TARIFF BOARD

Declare Party Must Do Something to Square Itself.

Washington, April 9.—Inspired by the attitude of the Indiana Republican convention towards the tariff law and Representative Foss' success in the recent Massachusetts congressional election, the Republican advocates of a tariff commission are determined to press their cause before the adjournment of the present session of congress.

They declare that the Payne-Aldrich bill is so manifestly failing to meet the demands of the country that the Republicans must do something to place themselves on a better basis, and contend that all the arguments are favorable to a commission as promising the only possible scientific revision of the tariff.

Just how they will proceed they are not determined. There are four or five senate bills and even more in the house which look to the creation of a commission. The bills in the house are before the ways and means committee, and those of the senate are in the hands of the finance committee. Both of these organizations are considered antagonistic and very little is hoped for from them. In view of the opposition of the regulars who control the committees, it now seems probable that they will undertake to accomplish their purpose by means of an amendment to one of the appropriation bills, probably the sundry civil bill.

They count upon the opposition of the farmers of the present law, but declare that they will be strong enough to put their proposition through. There has been no formal conference, but many exchanges of opinion among different groups of senators and members, and the prediction is freely made that the effort will be undertaken before the close of the present session.

Hope For Consumptives

Many consumptives and persons suffering from lung trouble, who had given up all hope of ever being well again, have been, and are being, today restored to health and happiness by the wonderful discovery of Judd Q. Lloyd, the eminent scientist who discovered a marvelous preparation for the successful treatment of consumption and lung troubles, known as AICSOL (LLOYD,) and for this discovery was, on Dec. 15th, 1908, awarded a diploma of merit by the London Society of Science, Letters and Arts of London, England, in recognition of his valuable services to mankind in discovering AICSOL (LLOYD.)

J. A. Ward, M. D., Willing To Make Oath

Gentlemen:—
Had you spent $25,000.00 in advertising your remedy to the people for the benefit of consumption and all the chronic lung troubles, instead of distributing it among physicians who put samples in out-of-the-way places and perhaps never think of them again, you would now, in all probability, have a paying trade, while many poor victims of the White Plague that are now in their graves would be well and attending to business.
I believe you have one of the best remedies ever offered to the people. I believe it to be a general reconstructor of tissue and indicated in all cases where a reconstructor is called for. I have used Aicsol (Lloyd) for nearly five years, and know what I am talking about.
Once the remedy becomes generally known, there will be but little trouble disposing of it.
You can use my name in any way you see fit in advertising, as I have said nothing in regard to the matter to which I will not be willing to make oath where such course is necessary.
Very respectfully,
J. A. WARD, M. D.
Troy, Mo., July 22, 1908.

A Physician Cures His Wife of Consumption

Gentlemen:—
"My wife was down with Consumption, when I ordered a bottle of Aicsol (Lloyd). She was very weak from night sweats, cough, and in a feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten days' treatment, and from that time on up to three months, when the cure was completed. Aicsol (Lloyd) kills the Tubercle Bacillus in the blood and tissue, and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventative as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down, or those who fear the approach of Consumption. It can be truthfully said that Aicsol (Lloyd), for the cure and prevention of Consumption, is the most wonderful compound of the present age."
DR. W. H. KNIGHT,
Swampscott, Mass.

Judge Sidener Saved from Consumptive Grave

Gentlemen:—I have given Aicsol (Lloyd) a thorough trial for tuberculosis, which I contracted some four years ago after a severe attack of pneumonia.
I spent a large amount of money in traveling and doctoring, when last July my physician decided that my existence would end inside of two months. I had lost my voice entirely and was unable to get out of bed without assistance; in fact, I was wishing for the end to come as rapidly as possible. On the 26th day of July of last year, I started on the first bottle, taking it every hour 16 hours per day, and living out of doors in a tent at the same time. At the end of the first week my appetite, which I had lost, began to get good, and in two weeks I was eating five times a day. I have taken several bottles in the past three months and have gained 16 pounds, and think without a doubt, that Aicsol (Lloyd) has saved my life.
I cheerfully recommend it to any one who is suffering from Tuberculosis, believing it is the only medicine that will effect a cure.
You have my consent to use this letter or myself as reference at any time you may see fit.
Yours truly,
GEORGE B. SIDENER,
Formerly Judge in St. Louis Court.

Physician Tells How Consumption May Be Cured

To Whom It May Concern:
This is to show that I have used AICSOL (Lloyd), a medicine made and sold by RESTORALL CHEMICAL CO., of St. Louis, Mo., on one case of pulmonary consumption, on a lady in Kentucky, who was 47 years of age, and she recovered, and is now well and performing her ordinary duties and household work as of yore; is a gratified and sound woman.
The above case was far advanced in the second stage; night sweats, daily chills, hectic flush, and in the stage of its greatness, which is one of the most critical periods in woman's life.
I believe it will cure nine out of ten cases for which it is made, thereby saving and prolonging life, bringing health, happiness and saving immense suffering, and in the aggregate, worry and thousands and millions of money. I heartily recommend AICSOL (Lloyd) to all interested and suffering with any form of consumption, and give permission to use my name in placing AICSOL (Lloyd) before the public.
Very respectfully,
G. W. HOLT, M. D.
McLeansboro, Ill., Jan. 8, 1909.

These are only four of hundreds of similar letters we have received from leading physicians and hundreds of grateful patients.
So sure are we that AICSOL (Lloyd) is a successful treatment for consumption and lung troubles, and chronic Bronchitis, and that any sufferer will feel its beneficial effects inside of 15 days, we will gladly send a full month's treatment to any sufferer who will send us their name and address. Take the treatment 15 days according to directions. Should the results be such as to make you certain a continuance of AICSOL (Lloyd) will cure you, you are to remit us $5 for same and continue the treatment. If, after taking the treatment for 15 days, you are not satisfied with the results, no charge will be made for that which you have used.
You take absolutely no risk whatever. AICSOL (Lloyd) must be entirely satisfactory to you before you pay us one cent. The burden of the proof is entirely on us. What AICSOL (Lloyd) has done for others it should do for you. Send your name and address today to **RESTORALL CHEMICAL CO., 600 Lloyd Building, St. Louis, Mo.**

LIMIT COLD STORAGE

Committee on Cost of Living Plan Sweeping Reforms.

Washington, April 7.—A limit should be put on the use of cold storage for the purpose of maintaining or advancing prices artificially, is the judgment of the senate cost-of-living committee. Chairman Lodge today introduced in the senate a bill to meet this recommendation.

Mr. Lodge's bill would provide that food kept in cold storage for more than one year should be considered as adulterated and that any food taken out of cold storage and erroneously marked as to the time it had been in storage should be regarded as misbranded in violation of the pure food law.

The committee, through Mr. Lodge, also asked the senate for instructions in the matter of continuing the investigation into the cost of living. A tentative plan for the continuation of the work was submitted. It was estimated that four months would be required to complete the work and that it would necessitate an expenditure of $65,000.

Would Continue Investigation.

The outline of the suggested plan was in great detail. It calls for statements to be obtained from 40 buyers in selected localities covering he price paid to the producer on the 1st of January, February, March, April, May and June of each year from 1900 to 1910 inclusive for all grains, live stock and other farm products. It contemplates, also, the procuring of wholesale prices by the bureau of labor on 260 commodities for 1909 and the first four months of 1910, in order to bring down to date the statements already given since the year 1890. The bureau of labor would be called upon, also, to secure wholesale prices from 1897 to 1910 on all kinds of agricultural implements.

Retail prices paid by the consumer on 71 articles would be obtained covering the same periods as were prescribed for producers' prices. This list is intended to include all articles covered by the senate resolution, providing for the investigation, excepting rent, for which the committee says it seems practically impossible to obtain reliable comparative figures.

Under the head of retail prices the committee says prices should be securer from four establishments in each of 20 selected cities, and that the stores should be those patronized by wage earners. An investigation would be made of wages, salaries and hours of labor from payrolls for a selected period in each of the two years 1900 and 1910, from at least 10 establishments in a long list of diversified manufactures and in at least 10 cities covering department stores, street railways, telegraph companies and telephone companies, and in 10 cities the union scale and the non-union wage for building trades, compositors, dock hands, iron moulders and machinists. It is suggested, also, that the prevailing wages of agricultural laborers in 1900 and 1910 should be obtained.

RELIES ON PEOPLE

They Shall Rule, Says Milwaukee Mayor.

Milwaukee, April 7.—"The first step of the Socialist-Democratic party will be to reassure the people and relieve their minds of apparent fear that our victory means the entire overturning of business in this city," said Emil Seidel, Milwaukee's newly elected Socialist mayor today.

"There will be no Utopia, no millenium, none of the wild antics that our opponents have charged to us. There will be no party bosses, no one-man policy. When we decide upon a course to pursue, there will be conferences with the other Socialists elected, and the best lines will be followed.

"We shall give everyone in the party a chance to be heard and to voice his sentiment. As to corporations, we shall make them pay their share of the taxes and improve the lot of the workingmen. We will do nothing revolutionary, nothing that would turn the tide of sentiment against us.

"If any question arises which the administration cannot handle we will refer it to the electorate as a whole. After all, they are the only bosses. Socialism has been given a chance to show its merit. We can do this by insistent and consistent conservatism. In a way we are on trial and will show the people of what mettle we are made.

"This election was not the result of one campaign. It is the victory that comes to a cause after 26 years of the hardest kind of work. We have flooded this town with literature and have had men on the stump in and out of campaign times, educating the workingmen to the opportunities that lay before them.

"We have not promised the workingmen or the city at large an immediate panacea for ills. We have promised the best government that we can give and we are going to live up to that promise."

Say?

"He treats me like a fool!"
"Why, I didn't know he knew you!"

HARVARD PROFESSOR TOILS AS LABORER FOR $1.50 PER

Boston, April 7.—A Harvard professor working as a laborer for $1.50 a day, is one of the human interesting features of the Cambridge subway. Covered with clay, carrying a clay pipe in the corner of his mouth, a slouch hat on the back of his head, clad in khaki and his white hands protected by woolen mittens, it is difficult to distinguish him from the ordinary laborer.

But Professor H. U. Ransom, B. A., teacher of mathematics and civil engineering at the Harvard Summer school and assistant professor at Harvard university, does not care how he looks so long as the subway is going through.

"How do you like working in the subway?" was asked.

"Oh, fine." The professor laborer turned quickly, "immense."

Then he leaned over the edge of the platform and called to the bottom of the ditch, 30 feet below:

"Hey, Mike, I am sending a letter for you down with this bucket of stone."

"Let 'er come," replied Foreman Michael Stapleton from below, where he was supervising the distribution of the subway bed.

"He's my boss," explained the professor. "Got to keep on the right side of the boss, you know."

"Why, I am here learning construction," he explained; "kind of hard at first, especially in the cold weather, when you are up to your eyes in mud, and you get an order to clean up the street so the trucks can get by. But you get used to it.

"There isn't much chance, of course, to exercise technical knowledge here. It's mostly 'bull' work I am on. Up in the office I suppose they have the wise men who plan it out. Here it's a case of dig. My boss yells out what he wants and I got to see that he gets it and gets it quick. But Mr. Navin is going to give me a gang to handle soon. Getting promoted. Then I got to go to work dragging out the crosspieces, the shoring timbers and the rangers, so's to get ready for the concrete job.

"You see, up at the university I got all the technical work I wanted, but I was lacking in practical construction. Of course, during vacations I hdd put in some time over at Malden and around, but this was the first chance I ever had to study practical subway work."

"Do you expect to be at the summer school this year?"

"Oh, yes," he answered. "I suppose so. But I don't think I'll go back to the university. I got my A. B. in '06 and my master's degree last year, so I am through with books. I want to go into contracting for myself some day and you can't do that until you have the actual experience handling dirt."

It was through one of his pupils, Contractor Nawn's son, that the professor got his job as a laborer in the subway. Young Nawn, who graduates this year from the engineering department, is his father's assistant in the Cambridge subway. While a pupil in the Harvard Summer school he interested Professor Ransom in the subway construction, whereupon his teacher asked his pupil to get him a job.

"I am not the only Harvard man in the job," observed Professor Ransom. "There's Jack Lyons working in the engineers' gang, and there's George Homer; he's around somewhere carrying an engineer's transit. In fact, there are a lot of college men on the ditch, especially among the elevated company's engineers. Lot more coming, too, during vacation. I suppose they'll all go on the roll as laborers, just as I did."

"Hey, Saff, come down here," came a yell from the ditch.

"That's me," explained the professor, looking around for the mud dredge.

"Where did you get that name?"

The professor raised his hand to signal the engineer.

"Oh, I don't know. That's a college label. Somebody pasted it and it's stuck." He waved to lower away and sank into the ditch.

A little farther along the excavation, sighting with a transit, was H. W. Routenberg, of the elevated company's men. He confessed to just escaping from Yale.

"The rodman over there," he volunteered, "is D. R. Bates, just out of Worcester Polytechnic, and down in the bottom you'll find Jack McKnight, of Holy Cross. We've got another 'gang' down the line made up of one man from Harvard, one from 'Tech,' one from South Africa, one from Tufts, and we did have a Cornell man in the bunch."

"Yes, Professor Ransom told my son he'd like to work in the ditch, so I put him on as a laborer at first," said Contractor Nawn, "but I don't think college men are worth as much in the ditch as the men with the shovels. The work is good for the college man, but hard on the contractor. But Professor Ransom's earning his pay. I'll advance him from time to time, giving him more money and responsibilities. Guess he'll know something about construction before we finish."

BEATS OFF BANDITS

Two Men Are Overcome by Conductor.

St. Paul, Minn., April 8.—Two masked bandits attempted, early today, to hold up the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad's pioneer limited, which arrived in St. Paul at 7:15 o'clock this morning. The men boarded the train at New Lisbon, Wis., getting in by way of the forward vestibule of the front sleeper, which had been left open when the conductor took orders to the engineer. The men passed through the front sleeper into the rear vestibule of the car, locking both doors of the vestibule.

When Conductor Shumway passed through the train he was stopped by the locked vestibule door. Unlocking the door he was confronted by two revolvers, held by two masked men, who commanded him to hold up his hands. Shumway disregarded the order and leaped upon the larger of the bandits. In the scuffle which followed the railroad man was overpowered. The tall man then reached down under the steps and cut the air hose and the train came to a stop. The men jumped off and fled into the darkness.

Not a cent of money and no valuables were obtained by the bandits, according to an official statement made by Conductor Shumway, who said: "When I entered one of the passenger coaches as the train was speeding toward Tomah I came face to face with a tall man in a narrow passageway. Immediately a pistol was stuck into my face and the command came: 'Hold up your hands and don't be foolish!' I threw up one hand and struck up the revolver, and struck out with the other hand, dropping my lantern. My blow fell on the man's face or neck. At the time I thought there was only one man, but as he stumbled back I saw the gleam of a revolver over his shoulder. It was held by a shorter man who stood behind the other. The first man had fallen backwards through the doorway of the compartment and the other went with him like a flash, for he saw a negro porter coming up behind him. I think that black man saved my life. Only the sleeping car conductor in the first car and the porter who was with me responded to my cry for help as I ran into the first car. Before we reached the compartment again the men had jumped off and made their escape, although several shots were fired after them. Not a cent of money and no valuables were obtained by the highwaymen."

DENY ALL CABINET RUMORS

Taft and Members Say There Is No Thought of Changes.

Washington, April 8.—Flat denials were made in all official directions today of another crop of cabinet resignation rumors, this time dealing with Secretary Knox and Secretary MacVeagh. President Taft said he knew nothing of contemplated resignations by these or other cabinet officials, and shortly after this direct statement, Secretaries Knox and MacVeagh both made denials.

ANOTHER BLOW FOR UNCLE JOE

Washington, April 11—A coalition between Republican insurgents and Democrats against the provision in the legislative bill appropriating $2,500 for maintenance of the speakers automobile resulted in the rejection of that part of the conference report on the bill by the house today by a vote of 111 to 132.

CURE YOUR OWN KIDNEY

and Bladder Troubles at Home. Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (Clothing Dealer), East Hampton, Conn., says he will be pleased to direct any sufferer to the splendid remedy he successfully used. Write him today.

RINGS AND TORTURE

London Chronicle.

In the Isle of Man the wedding ring was formerly used as an instrument of torture. Cyril Davenport, in his book on Jewellry, remarks that there once existed a custom in that island, "according to which an unmarried girl who had been offended by a man could bring him to trial and if he were found guilty she would be presented with a sword, a rope and a ring. With the sword she might cut off his head, with the rope she might hang him, or with the ring she might marry him. It is said that the latter punishment was that invariably inflicted."

The wedding ring, which was tolerated by the Methodists, was anathema to the early Puritans, who regarded personal adornment as one of the many snares of Satan. Wesley, who was a High Churchman, probably recognized its symbolical value. In the old English marriage service it was the custom for the bridegroom to put the ring on the thumb of his bride, saying, "In the name of the Father," then on the next finger, saying, "and the Son," then on the third finger, saying, "and of the Holy Ghost," finally on the fourth finger, with the word "Amen."

The ring was left there because, as the Sarum rubric says, "a vein proceeds thence to the heart." In the modern marriage service the ring is placed at once upon the third finger, the invocation to the Trinity being understood.

The wedding ring was the only form of jewelry permitted to the early Methodists, and there are people still living who recall how, no longer than 40 years ago, they were reproved by old Methodist ministers for breaking the rules of membership which forbade (and technically still forbid) Methodists to wear gold, jewels or costly apparel; but with fine courtesy John Wesley knew when to ignore breaches of his own regulations.

In visiting a house one of the preachers drew Wesley's attention to the host's daughter, who was wearing several jewelled rings; but instead of the rebuke which his preacher sought to evoke Wesley only gravely and gentle remark, "A very beautiful hand."

SOCIALISTS TRIUMPH

Win Complete Control of Milwaukee for Next Two Years.

Milwaukee, Wis., April 6.—The Social-Democratic party which swept Milwaukee city and county in yesterday's election gave Emil Seidel, its candidate for mayor, 7,109 plurality according to complete returns, or about 1,000 fewer than approximated late last night from the incomplete returns. Seidel's plurality is the largest in the history of Milwaukee's municipal elections, with the exception of the election of 1898 when David S. Stone, Democrat, had 7,849.

The total vote: Seidel,, 27,622; V. J. Schoenecker, Jr., Democrat, 20,513, and Dr. John M. Beffel, Republican, 11,262.

The new council consists of 21 Social-Democrats, 10 Democrats and four Republicans. In the new board of supervisors there will be 11 Social-Democrats, three Republicans and two Democrats. The Social-Democrats elected two out of seven civil judges. Ten bond questions providing for various city improvements carried.

The result of the election gives the Social-Democrats practically complete power in civic matters for the next two years. Many reforms are advocated by Social-Democrats which they will now attempt to put into effect. In addition to home rule for the city, the initiative and referendum, for which all three parties stood, additional measures which the Socialists stand for include municipal ownership, the sprinkling of streets by the street railway companies over its various lines, a seat for every pasenger in street cars, 3-cent street car fare, eight hour day for labor, cheaper gas, municipal ice plants, municipal light plant, full share of taxes by corporations, cheaper bread, and work for the unemployed at union wages. The street railway company has a franchise which governs its rate of fare, and as the state railway rate commission regulates the matter of fares, the new political power in Milwaukee will probably not be able to bring about any changes in this respect.

There will be a thorough cleaning out of the city of persons who have held civic positions over a long period of years. Among the more important positions to be filled are those of health commissioner, city engineer, building commissioner, commisioner of public works, water register and a member of the police and fire commission. The Social-Democratic council will name the city clerk and also its president, who is the acting mayor in the absence of the executive.

Disaffection among the adherents of the two old political parties is assigned as the reason for the great upheaval which resulted in victory for the Socialists. An analysis of the vote shows that many Republicans and Democrats supported the Socialists. Compared with the vote of two years ago, the Democrats cast 3,000 fewer votes and the Republicans 7,000, while the Socialists gained 6,000. According to registration figures 25,000 voters did not go to the polls.

Victories for license were the rule in the elections held throughout the state. Notable in the list of cities which refused to vote out license were Racine, Janesville, New Richmond, Baraboo, Platteville, River Falls, Waupaca, Galesville, Hudson, Monroe and Trempealeau, while the most important change from wet to dry was Edgerton, wet two years ago by 30, which went dry this year by a margin of nine votes. Stoughton, Lodi, Viroqua and Cumberland remain dry. New Richmond, which went wet this year, was dry for nearly two years, but a few days ago a court decision was rendered that the city had voted dry illegally, because of a faulty election notice. The vote on Tuesday, however, revokes the former verdict of the voters.

FOUR TONG MEN DEAD

New York, April 11.—Chinatown had two highly successful murders Sunday and an attempt, that made a brave beginning, but miscarried by reason of faulty shooting.

Chung Fook was shot three times in the chest, while standing on a street corner and died before he could be carried to a hospital. Chen Hen was arrested.

Ing Mon, a laundryman, was found dead in a store in Royer street, with a bullet hole in his right side.

Chu Moy Yen, a wealthy and benevolent merchant, who was formerly Chinese agent in New York for the Northern Pacific railroad, was shot three times, in both thighs, by an assailant who escaped.

Chung Fook, who is dead, was a member of the Ong Leong tong. Chu Moy Yen was a member of the Four Brothers, but had many friends among the Ong Leong Tong. Nothing is known of the affiliations of Ing Mon, the laundryman.

Two Dead in Piladelphia.

Philadelphia, April 11.—Two Chinamen were murdered last night and a third was fatally wounded in the Chinese quarter of this city. Both of the dead Chinamen were members of the Hip Sing tong.

One of the dead is Chu Nong, aged 62 years, who kept a store at 627 Cherry street. The other has not been identified. The man fatally injured is G. Jong Sing.

As soon as the shooting became known the police officials roped off Race street between Ninth and Tenth street and started in to round up all suspicious characters, or Chinamen not known in the locality. Forty-two of these were caught in the drag net. But it is not yet known whether the murderer of Nong is among the number.

ELEVEN PASSENGERS INJURED

Motor Train Crashes Into Freight on Garrison Road.

Des Moines, April 11.—Eleven passengers were injured, one perhaps fatally, when a motor train on the Rock Island National Garrison crashed into a freight train early today.

PINCHOT PUSHED OFF MAP

Washington, April 11.—Gifford Pinchot, late chief forester, has been pushed over the ropes. The postoffice of Pinchot in Shoshone county, Idaho, has been changed to Avery.

When two-thirds of Idaho had been fenced in as forest reserves there was not much love lost for the man who suggested the idea. After the chief forester's summary dismissal there was no spike to hold the name down.

A petition by the people receiving their mail at Pinchot that the name was distasteful, a recommendation that change be made by Senator Heyburn and the willingness of Postmaster General Hitchcock to drop a brick on the head of an old enemy, and the deed was done.

MUST COVER FOODSTUFFS

Indianapolis, Ind., April 9.—An order promulgated today by the state board of health declares that a prime cause of the spread of sickness is contamination of fish, meats and other foodstuffs exposed for sale without protection from dust and flies. The order instructs victualers, on pain of fine and imprisonment, to keep their stocks covered by glass or other cases.

Everybody is impatient to begin the spring work, but it were wise to temper impatience with good judgment and to wait until all the conditions are right.

Do you remember, when you were young, how it encouraged and cheered you to be consulted by your elders? Try it on the young folks of the household.

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the Latest Paris and New York Styles.

These patterns are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

3248—Ladies' Over-Blouse. This model may be made of any material desired. Four sizes, 36 to 42.

2790—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, closing at back and having long or seven-eighths sleeves. This waist will develop charmingly in any material desired. Six sizes, 32 to 42.

3232—Girls' Dress, with Attached Five-Gored Skirt. Serge, Bedford cord or linen are suitable for the development of this model. Four sizes, 6 to 12 years.

2987—Girls' and Childs' Dress, Chambray or gingham will make up well in this little model. Five sizes, 2 to 10 years.

3236—Misses' Seven-Gored Skirt. Voile, ladies' cloth or serge will look well developed in this style. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

3055—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt, closing under an inverted box-plait at center, three-eighths back seam, having inserted plaited sections at side seams and backward, turning plaits at the other seams. Any material desired will make up attractively in this model. Seven sizes, 22 to 34.

3223—Ladies' Dressing Sack. A most pleasing design is here shown developed in flannelette. Five sizes, 34 to 42.

2211—Ladies' Short Petticoat, with a straight lower edge and yoke band or deep yoke. The model here shown was made of white flannelette with embroidered edge. Eight sizes, 22 to 36.

3008—Ladies' Princess Jumper Dress, with Guimpe. An attractive model for early spring which is adaptable to any material desired. Six sizes, 32 to 42.

3222—Misses' Shirtwaist Dress, having an attached five-gored skirt. Gingham, chambray or linen are most suitable for this dress. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

2568—Misses' Tucked Shirtwaist, closing at left side of front and having seven-eighths length sleeves. Madras or linen should develop to advantage in this style. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

3231—Ladies' Shirtwaist. This stylish waist is most becoming for summer wear, developed in lawn, fine muslin or batiste. Five sizes, 32 to 40.

3216—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of blouse and knickerbockers. Chambray, serge, duck or linen are excellent developed in this style. Four sizes, 2 to 5 years.

3087—Girls' One-Piece Dress, with removable Chemisette. This is an excellent model for the school girl and is adaptable to any material desired. Five sizes, 4 to 12 years.

3233—Ladies' Tunic Skirt, in Sweep Length. Silk, messaline, pongee or satin are all adaptable to this skirt. Five sizes, 22 to 30.

2738—Ladies' Twenty-One Gored Skirt. A neat model is here shown which may be developed in cheviot, mohair or serge. Seven sizes, 24 to 36.

2462—Girls' and Childs' Nightgown, with high or Dutch neck and long or short sleeves. Muslin is adapted to this garment. Eight sizes, 2 to 16 years.

2128—Childs' Box-Plaited Dress, closed at left side of front. This pretty frock was made of navy blue broadcloth and trimmed with blue velvet buttons. Four sizes, 2 to 5 years.

2387—Ladies' House Dress, consisting of a waist with high or Dutch neck and long or elbow sleeves, and an attached seven-gored skirt. Blue chambray was used for the development of this dress. Seven sizes, 32 to 44.

2839—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, with an attached five-piece skirt, having plaited flounce. Voile, messaline or pongee in any desired shade would be pretty developed in this model. Six sizes, 32 to 42.

LATE CONVENTION DATE

Republicans Will Nominate State Ticket at Columbus July 26-27.

Columbus, April 7.—The Republican state convention will be held in Memorial hall, Columbus, July 26 and 27. This was decided by the state central committee, which met yesterday afternoon at the Neil house. The committee decided that county committees can exercise the option of having delegates to the state convention elected at direct primaries May 17, or at county conventions, the delegates to which may be selected at the primaries.

The temporary officers of the convention will be announced by a committee of five, consisting of Chairman Walter F. Brown, Secretary Malcolm Karschner, of Columbus, and three other members, to be announced by the chairman.

Cuyahoga to Lead.

There will be 1,066 delgates in the convention, and 534 votes will be required for a nomination. The call stipulates that the ratio of representation will be one delegate for each 500 votes cast for Andrew L. Harris for governor in 1908. This gives Cuyahoga county the banner delegation with 96 members, Hamilton county's quota being 91.

The state committee leaves it optional with the county committees as to whether state delegates shall be elected by direct vote in the May primaries or by county convention, the delegates to which are chosen by popular vote.

A Worse Insult.

"You will be insulted [illegible] to your face at you
"No—I thought it was natural."

Agents—Portraits 35c, Frames 15c, Sheet Pictures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c, Views 1c; 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait, Dept. 4534, 1027 W. Adams st., Chicago

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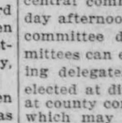

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HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

BY ELIZABETH

IT IS good for you to take a vacation once in awhile; to do something different from what you are doing every day; to turn your thoughts from their established routine, and to be a vagabond "for a spell," in mind and body.

We all get tired sometimes, both of pleasure and work, and need a little light refreshment in the way of a change. You need not go far from home or from your post of duty to find it; the most that is necessary is something different; the most that is necessary is to give your mind a vacation and let it go straying, but be sure to guide its straying into pleasant places.

The other day, a day after a rain, when the sky and the air and the earth and the city seemed newly washed and clean and sweet-smelling, the impulse to take a few hours' vacation and to be out and about was too strong to be resisted. Besides being good for you to take a vacation, it is good for you to pretend you don't have to work, because after a little pretending like this, when the pendulum of the time clock has swung out the "time-off" for you, and you go back to work again, work comes easier and you do it better.

As I was saying, it was a clean-washed day and it was spring. The call of the open was not to be resisted, even if the open was well within the city limits and had nothing of the wild about it.

It does not matter much about the wanderings of the early part of the day. They were devoted to doing small errands which necessitated going to and fro in the outdoor air, so they helped some. My thoughts were as wandering as my movements. The reason why I do not know, but it was so. A verse from George W. Stevens' book of poems, The King and the Harper, kept going through my brain. "Be glad you're poor," is the message and title of the verse. Only the opening lines would come, so I made it my business to find the book and get them all. It is a home-folks bit of verse and preaches a little sermon in contentment. I pass it on and perhaps, to some one, it may do good:

Be glad you're poor, the clothes you wear
Won't look no worse for 'nother tear;
Be thankful that your good corn cake
Will never give you pain or ache.
Be glad you're poor, and save your hairs
From wearing off with business cares,
And fearing banks are going to bust,
And who the deuce you're going to trust.
Be glad you're poor—no relative
Will grudge the time you're going to live.

Don't always worry 'bout your lot,
Give thanks for what you haven't got,
And be content with what you get
And let the wealthy fume and fret.
Then when financial blizzards come
And banks go tumbling round like fun,
And stocks and bonds go galley west—
Just thank your stars you didn't invest.
Go prop your legs up at the store
And smoke and then be glad you're poor.

By the way, The King and the Harper, in spite of its grand-sounding name, has a home-folks dedication. Here it is:

"I dedicate this book to my mother who thinks everything I write is good. I publish it because I want to."

The great event in Toledo the day I wandered, was the assembling of the Woman's Educational club at the Collingwood, to listen to Edwin Markham, whose name invariably calls up the poem which won him fame—The Man With the Hoe. He has written much fine verse since his fame-maker was published, but that for which he is most honored and renowned is, The Man With the Hoe.

There was music that afternoon, beautiful music by Toledo musicians. Lenore Sherwood Pyle sang Markham verse, set to music, and the melody of one of the songs, a song that took hold, was composed by Mary Willing Meagley. All of this and more has been told in the papers before, so it is not to be taken as news; it is merely a mention of an interesting, past event.

I did not stay until the entertainment was ended. It was hard to be roofed in from the blue skies and clear air and green things growing, but I stayed long enough to see and hear, one of the world's grand old men tell of his belief in the eternal life, and, to know that his law is the law of love and kindness.

Out-of-doors, there were proofs on every side of everlasting life. You could read it in the unfolding leaves on the trees; in the turf so lately turned green from the sere of winter; in the blossoms that gave promise of the fruit to come; in all the wonder of spring which brings rejuvenescence to the earth each year. You may read in all this a beautiful message, if you will.

One lawn I passed was pricked through and through with purple and yellow crocuses.

"That's a pretty idea," I thought, "why don't more people put it into practice. They will not mar the lawn because the plants can be mowed down without killing the roots, after they have finished blossoming."

The words "mowed down," brought to memory a story long current in our family annals. It has nothing to do with crocus blooms, but it frequently happens that one thing brings up another, though they may have no connection. The story brought up by the words "mowed down," goes this way:

A politician in a town not far from Toledo was delivering a campaign speech and was "handing it" to the rival party. After presenting a varied assortment of iniquities of which he accused the party of being guilty, in a burst of final eloquence he shouted: "Vile reptiles, mow 'em down! Mow 'em down!"

The towering trees, survivals of the forest that once must have wooded the west-end residence district of Toledo, were showing delicately green against the clear blue of the sky their crests almost seemed to touch. Several of the trees, having become worse for wear, have been neatly mended with cement patches and are doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances.

Automobiles went purring, or snorting, or bellowing along, according to their individuality, or the state of their inside machinery, and I thought for a moment, "maybe it would be nice to have an auto and ride somewhere." Then second thought, said: "If you haven't one, you don't have to worry about exploded tires or where the next quart of gasoline is coming from."

Once more returned the "be glad you're poor," the verse that kept hanging around and haunting me.

Down town, where the shops are, the fruit stores were showing another glory of color in the red and green and yellow of the fruits now in market. At one place there were russet apples. Now russet apples one does not find every day and I had to have some.

"How much are they?" I asked the Greek in charge.

"Twenty cents a dozen if you pick 'em out; fifteen if you take 'em as they come," he answered.

"Give me a dozen and pick 'em out," I told him, recklessly.

I discovered that afternoon how many pretty school girls there are in Toledo. The high school came in the path of my wandering, and you should have seen the bunches of pretty girls coming away from it. Talk about color! They had it in their cheeks and eyes and lips, and in the posies they wore on their hats. And the way they chattered—a million blackbirds in a cornfield without scarecrows would be nothing to the way those girls chattered. It would have done you good to have heard and seen them.

About the last outdoor picture I saw that day, was a picture which many look at and watch for. It is the picture the towers of the Nasby building make against the sunset sky. If you have never lifted your eyes heavenward to see it, the next time you happen to be near the Ohio building, or somewhere in that vicinity, lift up your eyes and take notice.

Well within the city limits, I took a vacation and let my thoughts play vagrant, and when it was ended the effect of it made me say to you in the beginning of this: It is good for you to take a vacation once in a while; to do something different from what you are doing everyday; to turn your thoughts from their established routine, and to be a vagabond "for a spell," in mind and body.

MORNING THOUGHTS

These good thoughts for the top o' the morning, are taken from the letters written to The Blade from various parts of the country:

Sunday.

My idea of mother-love, is love that will not hurt the object of its affection—love that will not embitter—love that is ruled by the law of kindness.—R. S., Missouri.

MONDAY

We can all have bright, happy homes if we try to. If one always meets husband and children with a smile, one is sure to get a smile in return.—Milly of the Mountains, Washington.

TUESDAY

Old people are more like children than anything else I can compare them to. They like to be humored and made a fuss over, not in a silly way, but say a kind word, and give them some praises or a kiss, and see how they will brighten. — Lonely Heart of Pennsylvania.

WEDNESDAY

Knowing that I have some one to love and trust, I can well pass by the blue days.—Leona of Tennessee.

THURSDAY

My education is not very good, and yet I am very thankful for what I have. I think one can always find something to be thankful for.—M. B. D. of Illinois.

FRIDAY

Yes, it is hard on a mother to have her children seemingly careless and thoughtless of her welfare, yet I believe down deep under the "rubbish," in the heart of every child, there is love for its parents.—A Country Woman of Kentucky.

SATURDAY

The reins are in my hands. I will decide for good and do good. This world is not all sunshine with the best of people.—Stout Heart of Michigan.

A Topsy Workbag

This workbag is one that may be made at the low price of a quarter of a dollar, and when it is made, it is not only a useful article, but one that will bring a smile, and a smile is a useful article, also. The directions for it are given by Mattie Lee Hausgen in The Woman's Home Companion for April, and copied by The Blade for the benefit of its readers with the hope that someone will be pleased to have them.

The materials required are two red calico bandana handkerchiefs, two yards of red ribbon and four tiny china dolls of dark complexion. Rip out hems of handkerchiefs, press and trim edges. Stitch all four sides together, leaving a small space to turn. Stitch again, to make flat edges. Place some round object, flat on handkerchiefs, a good-sized plate, pie tin, or anything round will fill the bill—draw a circle, leaving corners and small margin at sides clear. Draw another smaller circle about an inch inside of the large one. Stitch for casing, working a buttonhole on opposite sides of outer handkerchief. Cut ribbon in half. Run each yard all around circular casing, coming out at opposite sides. Tie ends in bows. Attach a doll to each corner. Send with this little couplet written on a card:

This "Topsy" work-bag, says, in rhyme,
Be sure you take that "Stitch in time!"

Little Margie (after watching her small brother devouring several large sections of chocolate cake): "Mamma, isn't it funny how much larger Jimmy really is than he apepars to be from the outside?"—Judge.

SOCIETY NEWS

IT IS made a matter of comment, and also a commentary on the habits and customs of rich Americans, that Miss Marjorie Gould, daughter of George Gould, and a great heiress in her own right, has "turned down titles" to marry a "man from home." Probably the reason we pay so much attention to the marriages of American heiresses is because money talks, and in the Gould case, for some time, money has talked in a very loud tone of voice.

In Human Life for April, Louis Baury tells about the great affair and how it happened, and from what he tells is taken the following society news:

During the latter part of January, at the housewarming of their new Fifth avenue home, the Goulds announced Marjorie's engagement to Anthony Drexel, Jr., the scion of the distinguished Philadelphia banking family.

Those who know, are aware that Miss Marjorie was besieged oft and assiduously before she arrived at the stage where it was safe to go about the selection of a trousseau. Scarcely had she made her advent in society before she was courted by numerous young men with titles of ancient though impoverished lineage, including the Duke of Braganza and his brother, and Prince Romanowski, a kinsman of the czar. But she spurned the courtship of princes and the lure of coronets in favor of the young men of her own soil. Of these there was a host, but gradually from out the number, young Anthony Drexel, Jr., loomed larger and larger. Once, months ago, these two were actually engaged, although very few, even of Miss Gould's intimates, are really sure of it, even to this day. A lover's quarrel, however, interrupted the first courtship.

Mr. Drexel, however, was determined and persistent. And finally determination and persistence won, and he regained his station in the young lady's good graces. But just at this point, when everything was assuming a delightfuly roseate tinge, the most serious obstacle which threatened the happiness of this youthful couple, popularly supposed to live amid nothing but happiness, asserted itself. Or, possibly, one should say herself; for the obstacle was Mrs .George Gould. It has been whispered that she cherished secret hopes Marjorie would follow the example of nearly all her girl friends and marry a title; but, if this was actually the case, Mrs. Gould was too tactful to say anything about it. What she did say was that Marjorie was too young to think seriously of matrimony, and would have to wait two years, until she had rounded her 21st birthday, before presuming to suppose she knew her own mind. Mrs. Gould said it rather emphatically, and added that Marjorie knew nothing of conducting a household, and could not even arrange a proper dinner party.

MARJORIE GOULD.

Miss Marjorie overcame these utilitarian objections by promptly cooking a dinner—and a very excellent one. Having thus given an example of her domestic capabilities she overruled her mother at every point and, taking charge of affairs with a high spirit, actually planned that affair at which her engagement was made public.

We congratulate Miss Marjorie on knowing how to cook a dinner. Her knowledge will be convenient to have in the family when the girl "up and leaves."

For Light Refreshments

These drinks are very nice to serve at company occasions with light refreshments in the shape of drop cakes, cookies, wafers or sandwiches:

Lemonade.

Juice of 12 lemons, 2 cups granulated sugar; boil juice and sugar until it becomes a syrup. Put in ice chest until needed; add water, ice and sliced lemons when ready to serve.

Good Tea.

A good cup of tea is easily made, but there is a right way, and this is it: First, have a thoroughly scalded teapot. Put into the pot the required amount of tea, pour over it boiling water, cover the teapot so that no fumes may escape, and allow the tea to stand and infuse for seven minutes, when it should be poured at once into cups. One teaspoon of tea and one cup of hot water is the usual allowance for each person. Serve with cream and sugar or with thin slices of lemon. Freshly boiled soft water is the best for either tea or coffee.

Ginger Ale Julep.

Put a scant cupful of granulated sugar into a pitcher, squeeze upon it the juice of six lemons. When it has dissolved, stick half a dozen sprigs of mint in pitcher, slightly bruised between thumb and fingers. Add a cup full of pounded ice and two bottles of ginger ale.

Strawberry Ade.

A cooling beverage is made from one quart of fresh strawberries, mashed fine, one pint of water, one cup of sugar. Stir well together and strain through a cloth. Add ice when served.

Currant Water.

To one quart of water add one cup of sugar and two cups of tart currant jelly. Boil till dissolved, then add the juice of three lemons and three oranges. Pour into pitcher with chopped ice and place slices of orange on top. A delicious drink.

Drop Cookies.

One and a half cups butter, one cup sweet milk, three cups brown sugar, three tablespoons cinnamon, three teaspoons baking powder, three eggs, flour to make stiff batter, drop small spoonfuls on greased tins, placing a seeded raisin on top of each. Bake in rather hot oven.

Sandwiches.

In making sandwiches, cream the butter before using it. For ordinary sandwiches it is best to butter the slice on the loaf, then cut it off as thin as possible.

Farmer's Sandwiches.

Rub to smooth paste a half pint of cottage cheese, adding gradually four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, or olive oil, or thick cream. Add salt and black pepper. Spread cheese mixture thickly on buttered slices of bread. Cut the slices into halves and press the cheese sides together. Serve with watercress if you have it. Especially nice with either hot or iced tea.

Jam Sandwiches.

Spread thin slices of bread with jam. Put on each an unbuttered slice, trim off the crust and cut into triangles.

Lettuce Sandwiches.

Wash and dry fresh, crisp lettuce. Put a leaf with a teaspoonful of mayonnaise or any preferred salad dressing between two slices of thin buttered bread.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

All is serene in our midst and we have some very good letters in reserve.

How is your flower garden coming on, and if you have none, why haven't you?

A flower and a smile are two things worth while, I have told you many a time and oft.

Letters received from those who wish to join us are signed: Tulip, H. Clint Wood, A Cheerful Boy, and Dumplin'.

Don't forget about signing your real names to your letters, likewise, you should write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope.

POETS' CORNER

A FIRM BANK

By Rowland Hill.

I have a never-failing bank,
A more than golden store;
No earthly bank is half so rich;
How, then, can I be poor?

'Tis when my stock is spent and gone,
And I without a groat,
I'm glad to hasten to my bank
To beg a little note.

Sometimes my Banker smiling says,
"Why don't you often come,
And when you draw a little note,
Why not a larger sum?

"Why live so niggardly and poor?
Your bank contains a plenty;
Why come and take a one-pound note
When you may have a twenty?"

Yes, twenty thousand, ten times told,
Is but a trifling sum,
To what your Father hath laid up
Secure in God His Son.

Since then my Banker is so rich,
I have no cause to borrow;
I live upon my cash today
And draw on Him tomorrow.

I've been a thousand times before,
And never was rejected;
Sometimes my Banker gives me more
Than asked for or expected.

Sometimes I felt a little proud
I managed things so clever!
But ah! before the day was done
I felt as poor as ever.

I know my bank can never fail,
Its funds always the same;
The firm, "Three Persons in one God,"
Jehovah is His name.

Should all the banks of Britain break,
The Bank of England smash,
Bring in your note to Zion's bank,
You'll surely get your cash.

And if you have but one small note,
Fear not to bring it in;
Come boldly to the Throne of Grace,
The Banker is within.

All forged notes will be refused,
Man's merits be rejected;
There's not a single note will pass
That God has not accepted.

There's none but those beloved of God,
Redeemed by precious blood,
That ever had a note to bring—
These are the gifts of God.

Though thousands, doubting, often say,
They have no notes at all,
Because they feel the plague of sin
So ruined by the fall.

This bank is full of precious notes,
All signed, and sealed, and free,
Though many a ransomed soul may say
"There is not one for me."

Base unbelief will lead the most
To say what is not true;
I tell souls that feel they're lost,
These notes belong to you.

The leper had a little note,
"Lord, if you will you can;"
The Banker cashed this little note,
And healed the sickly man.

We read of one young man, indeed,
Whose riches did abound,
But in the Banker's book of grace
His name was never found.

But see the wretched dying thief
Hang by the Banker's side;
He cried, "Dear Lord, remember me,"
He got his cash, and died.

SHUN THE BROAD ROAD

By H. M. L.

The happy home circle is breaking my boy,
And the dear ones are wand'ring away;
For the love of the hearts you're forsaking, my boy,
Oh, stay for our benison, stay!
Your old father's prayers are but feeble, I know,
And your poor mother's tears little worth.
But remember, remember wherever you go,
The last counsel we'll give you on earth.

CHORUS.

Oh, shun the broad road,
Oh, shun the broad road;
'Twill lead you to ruin, my boy!
For its joys are a snare,
And it ends in despair,
Oh, shun the broad road, my boy!

In that road there are fashion and beauty, my boy,
And laughter, and music and song;
And the voice of a counterfeit duty, my boy,
Will invite you to join in the throng;
And there are the millions who struggle for gold,
And barter their honor for gain,
And the crime-harden'd throng, remorseless and bold,
And children of vice and of pain.

The pathway of honor is narrow, my boy,
But it leads to a blissful abode;
And its final reward has no sorrow, my boy,
Oh, follow the straight, narrow road!
Your old father's prayers are but feeble, I know,
And your poor mother's tears little worth;
But remember, remember wherever you go,
The last counsel we'll give you on earth.

WE PARTED BY THE RIVER

Author Unknown.

There's a picture in my mem'ry that is ever dear to me,
And ofttimes at night I sit alone and dream,
Of a little white thatched cottage,
And a simple blue-eyed maid,
A rustic bench beside a running stream,
'Twas on its banks one summer morn we parted long ago,
And all the world seemed sad to me that day,
Just these simple words, "I love you, Jack,
I'll always wait for you,"
Now come to cheer me tho' I'm far away.

CHORUS.

When we parted by the river, Grace and I,
The sunshine seemed to fade away and die,
And the song-bird's sweetest lay
Brought no joy to me that day,
When we parted by the river, Grace and I.

In the dear old village church yard stands a weeping willow tree,
And 'tis there I wander at the twilight hour,
For beneath its gentle branches,
Sleeps the one I love so dear,
She pined away and faded like a flower.
They told me how she waited there each evening at the gate,
While tears of love bedimmed her eyes of blue,
How she prayed for my returning, for one tender farewell kiss,
Her mother said, "Her last thoughts were of you."

POEMS REQUESTED

The two poems entitled Starless Crown, and Moneyless Man are wanted.

A song called Memory's Year is inquired for. It begins: He sang the same old melody my father used to sing.

A poem called Winning a Bride is wanted. It begins: I shall never forget those oxen, no never.

A song that is very much wanted is Night On Shiloh. The time was after the battle of Shiloh and the wounded soldiers sang: "When I can read my title clear."

The song, Some Mother's Child, is requested. These are some of the words:

At home or abroad, in the alley or street,
Wherever I chanced in the wide world to meet.

A poem entitled The Highway Cow is asked for. The first line is something like this:

The hue of her hide was a dusky brown,

TWENTY YEARS AGO

By Theodore F. Seward.

How wondrous are the changes
Since twenty years ago!
When girls wore woolen dresses,
And boys wore pants of tow!
When shoes were made of cowhide,
And socks from homespun wool,
And children did a half day's work
Before they went to school.

CHORUS.

Just twenty years ago,
Just twenty years ago,
The men and the boys and the girls and the toys;
The work and the play and the night and the day,
The world and its ways are all turned round,
Since twenty years ago.

The girls took music lessons
Upon the spinning wheel,
And practiced late and early
On spindle, swift and reel!
The boy would ride the horse to mill,
A dozen miles or so,
And hurry off before 'twas day,
Some twenty years ago.

The people rode to meeting
In sleds instead of sleighs;
And wagons rode as easy
As buggies now a-days;
And oxen answered well for teams,
Though now they'd be too slow,
For people lived not half so fast
Some twenty years ago.

Oh! well do I remember
That Wilson's patent stove,
That father bought and paid for
In cloth our girls had woven;
And how the neighbors wondered
When we got "the thing" to go,
And said "twould burst" and kill us all,
Some twenty years ago.

Yes; everything is altered,
I cannot tell the cause,
For men are always tamp'ring
With nature's wondrous laws.
And what on earth we're coming to,
Does anybody know?
For everything has changed so much
Since twenty years ago.

One of the friends who sent this said;
"I think it would be more appropriate to make it 40 or 50 years ago, don't you?"
We sure do.

THE DYING RANGER

(Author Unknown).

The sun was sinking in the west,
It fell with lingering rays,
O'er the branches of a forest
Where a dying ranger lay.
Beneath the shade of a palmetto,
And beneath the southern sky,
Far away in eastern Texas
There we laid him down to die.

A group had gathered round him,
His comrades in the fight,
And a tear stole down each manly cheek
As he bade his last good night.
One dear friend and companion
There was kneeling by his side,
Trying hard to stop the life-blood,
But alas, in vain, he cried:

"Oh, comrades, gather round me,
And hear each word I say
And a story I will tell you
While my spirit passes away.
Far away in eastern Texas,
In that good old cowboy state,
There is one who for my coming
With a saddened heart will wait.

"A fine, young girl — my sister —
My only joy and pride.
I have loved her up from babyhood,
My darling and my guide;
I have loved her as a brother,
And with a father's care,
I have strove through grief and trouble
Her gentle heart to cheer.

"Our state, it was invaded,
And they called for volunteers;
She threw her arms around my neck
And bursted into tears;
Saying, 'Go, my dearest brother,
Drive those Indians from our shore;
God knows I need your staying,
But old Texas needs you more,'

"'Tis true, I love old Texas;
I have given to her my all.
If it were not for my sister,
I would be content to fall.
But, comrades, I am dying,
I shall never see her more;
She will daily watch my coming
From our little cottage door.

"My mother, she lies buried
Beneath the graveyard sod;
It's been many weary years
Since her spirit passed to God.
My father, he lies buried
Beneath the dark blue sea;
There is no other child,
There was none but Nell and me.

"Now, comrades, gather round me
And hear my dying prayer;
You will be to her a brother
And protect her with great care."
Up spoke this band of rangers,
Like one voice it seemed to fall,
"We will be to her a brother,
And protect her, one and all."

One fond look of pleasure
O'er the ranger's face was spread;
One quick, convulsive shudder
And the ranger boy was dead.
On the banks of the Brazers river
There we laid him down to rest,
With his saddle for a pillow
And his rifle across his breast.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

KEEP YOUNG-HEARTED

The winter has come and gone since I wrote a letter to this column. I have just returned from church, this beautiful Easter Sabbath. I picked up The Blade, and the first letter I read, which was from L. E. F., Texas, made me want to write one myself. She expressed my sentiments in every way. We should cultivate childlike simplicity, and in so doing keep young in heart. We are just as young as we think, act and feel. If we sit down and brood over our troubles, and worry over something that may never come, we shall seemingly become old before we are aware of it. Let us ever look on the bright side of life. There is always something to be thankful for.

Our pastor, in his sermon today, said he once heard a man say the Lord has never blessed him with anything to be thankful for. What do you think of such a man? There is always something to enjoy if we look for it in the right spirit, but first we must be Christians to be satisfied and contented, then we know we can enjoy God's earth while we are permitted to stay here, and when we are called away, we are ready to go. Let us ever live in His sweet will. Sorrows and troubles must come to all.

Are you not glad that beautiful spring has come again? We who are fond of flowers, must soon be out planning for our gardens. I have a fine collection of seeds for this spring, and I am anticipating a nice yard this summer.

I want to ask how many of you belong to a ladies' aid society? I belong to one which has been organized only a few months. Let us have a general discussion on plans and ways of raising money. We gave an entertainment recently and raised a nice little sum of money by taking a collection. We had some enjoyable recitations, essays and speeches by the older ones, and recitations and songs by the children. They all looked so pretty dressed in white, 'mid the green decorations.—Nina Wilson, North Carolina.

A PLEASANT LETTER

As I have just laid down The Blade, and think it such a very good paper, I will try writing a letter. I should like very much to see my name among the others in our dear paper.

I live in New York state, in the town of Bolton, about four miles from the beautiful sheet of water called Lake George. There are mountains on every side of us, making a very pretty and beautiful country. I am only 24 years old, or young, as some of the sisters say. I have three little babies. The oldest was 4 in the past November, the youngest is 5 months old. It seems strange to me that some think children are a great trouble. What is better for any of us, than watching the little ones? I am not very good at making them mind, but I want to teach them the value of truth above all other things.

Well, spring is here. It seemed a long time coming. Housecleaning and spring work has begun. I am a farmer's wife, so I know what farm life is. Here is my recipe for brown bread: Two cups of meal, one of flour, two of sweet milk, one of sour, one of sugar, one teaspoonful soda. Steam two hours and bake one.—Delight, New York.

HOME HINTS

As I have been a reader of The Blade for several years I thought I would write a few hints and helps to the young and inexperienced housekeepers.

Never scrape a biscuit board with a knife. Instead set the cutter down firmly on the board and pass it back and forth a few times. Then you will not chip your board.

When washing knives, forks and spoons turn them down in a can which has holes pierced in the bottom to let the water through.

To open tomato cans nicely lay a piece of paper on top the can, then set a hot iron on it a few minutes. The lid will come off without trouble.

Kitchen napkins may be made from pieces of quilt lining. Cut them the size desired, and ravel out the edges enough for fringe. When washed put just a little starch in them. I think they are nice for children to use every day, they are a great help also in the children's lunch basket. They will keep their clothes clean longer if they have a napkin to use.—Meriba D. Angel, Ohio.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Weather is as fine as silk in this part of the country and the outdoor workers have on their hustling clothes.

Mrs. B. E. Pickering, of North Dakota, writes: It is better to dry pumpkin than to can it. Cut it in rings and dry the same as apples. When you wish to use it for pies it only needs to be stewed until soft and then rubbed through a colander. I have just been making pies from pumpkin dried two years ago and it is just as good as the fresh.

Those who have written to us recently are A Happy Mother of Arkansis, Henry Kannel, Contented West Virginian, Mary Storey Whitsitt and Fern Leaf.

IN THE HILLS OF INDIANA

By Wyandotte.

For our pleasure today, we have a beautiful letter descriptive of Wyandotte Cave in the hills of Indiana, written by the M. G. R. member who signs herself, Wyandotte.

Greetings, all ye merry M. G. R's! I wonder how many of you can recall the face of "Wyandotte." Not one! Well, here is the lesson for us all: We must make ourselves useful and "do things, not dream them all day long," if we would be remembered. Since I first came forward, one year ago, I have many times been encouraged, and felt pleasure upon reading the articles of those who "did things" in our columns.

As I write at my study table, I can hear my sister, (who loves music perhaps even better than I do, if that were possible), playing that noble ballad, "In the Hills of Indiana," and it is there I wish all of you to come with me, and in return for your kindness shown to me in former visits with "you all," I will guide the entire party on a day's pleasant outing to the famous Wyandotte cave, the home of Wyandotte Wyolyo, the god of my fierce, yet true-hearted namesakes, the Wyandotte Indians. They have passed to their happy hunting grounds, but we still have the magnificent underground palace of their god as a lasting memorial of the noble tribe.

Just as the sunbeams break in rosy splendor over a grand old forest of beech and oak, flooding all the narrow valley with light, we will leave the bold bluffs of that beautiful river, the Ohio, near the maelstrom caused by the waters of the tributary we are to ascend flowing into it. This stream is the beautiful Big Blue — not a rushing torrent, but with just enough life to cause a delightful murmuring around the perfect curves of its graceful course. As we pass along a picturesque drive, how very delightful is the sweet, woodsy odor, and the dew dripping from the leafy boughs overhead is so cool and pure.

At a graceful turn in the roadway, we catch a glimpse of a glen stretching away between the trees, with a delicate green grass carpet and a darker-shaded leafy wall,—a spot in which the forest sprites surely delight to gambol, and in which we imagine we could be happy always, but we must hasten on. Our entire six-mile drive up this valley is just as delightful. We emerge from the leavy lane and glen only to find ourselves in the shadow of some bold cliff and then soon to change again. How delightful! None of the monotonous sameness of the city here! Everything is as nature would have it—primeval.

Now we must leave the pleasant valley and permit our horses to climb slowly up the side of a long hill almost to the top. Here is the cave hotel and the lawn leading down to the cave entrance. It is not yet late, but we must enjoy the dainty lunch prepared and spread for us here underneath the oaks and maples. Pleasure is sure to run high at this time, especially as our sensations at the prospect of spending an entire day in the under-world will be so varied. Now we are ready. We have been transformed by means of the dark woolen suits we have donned to counteract any underground dampness, and, provided with white wax tapers and our "cave caps," we follow the guides to the low-arched entrance, for all the world resembling a troop of the witches and wizards of old Granada following their chief in their place of enchantment.

We enter the first room, "Twilight Hall," very slowly, in order that we may become accustomed to the change from the warm to the cold atmosphere. Here we receive our last glimpse of day and first light our candles. The impression that beyond, there is a vast unknown, full of mystery and yet possessing a peculiar fascination, is sure to grip us very forcibly here.

Now we enter the deeper recesses of the cave through Counterfeiters' Trench, and view many grotesque formations of the rock, among them the bold profile of the Father of His Country. Soon we halt at the base of Rocky Mountain, a majestic pile of rock which has fallen from the ceiling of this room, leaving a grand dome.

The guide commands that our lights be extinguished, and we, for the first time in our lives perhaps, experience darkness so dense that we easily imagine it brushes past us with a light touch. Now look above! The most shocking shapes are flitting and gliding in pantomime across the ebon vault. This is the Carnival of the Ghosts, conducted amid a weird phosphorescent glow, which emanates from some of the mountain recesses. After we have scaled the mountain and descended the other side, we may turn and see the Evening Star shining with majestic splendor in this deep vault. Beside a spring whose crystal waters sparkle in chalices of purest cave onyx, we refresh ourselves with nature's nectar.

Feet foremost we enter the "Auger Hole," a narrow cavity which, after the spiral plan of the auger, descends to the crest of "Toboggan Slide" or "Slippery Hill," where even on the Fourth of July we may enjoy the pleasures of coasting. Through "Creeping Alley" we enter the "Crystal Palace," and stand amid such splendor and beauty as we never dreamed it possible for mortals to behold. In one of the wings of this palace is "Beauty's Bower," with its crysalite walls which glitter as if studded with a million diamonds. Here the "Frost King's Palace" is discovered. It also is of purest alabaster and with fresco work that does credit to its namesake.

We see the "Last Rose of Summer," plucked by the "Frost King," and carried here for the decoration of his retreat. It is a perfect rose of purest white, and, as we pass on through many corridors and rooms whose walls glisten and flash back our lights, we see many of her sisters nestling in the rocky recesses, and we may almost fancy we see the fairy gardeners skipping about on the outskirts of our shadows.

We must quickly pass the ledges of jasper from which the Indians mended their arrow tips and tomahawks, on to "The Fortress," in whose ancient sides may be seen the half buried stone cannon balls, the remainders of some subteranean combat. For awhile we gaze at the moccasioned footprints which have been preserved in the sand for ages. In the "Autograph Gallery" we may con for hours, if we like, the names of those who have preceded us. Perhaps we may carve our names on the bits of golden ocre found here and have them as a record of our visit in fairyland.

At last we stand before the entrance to "Worm Alley," a narrow crevice extending between solid rock, and just high enough to permit us to "worm" our way with difficulty over the thirty feet of space separating us from "Millroy's Temple." But when once we stand within the portals of this Wyolyo's shrine, we are repaid for every trouble. Here as the magnesia ribbon burns brightly, we behold the "Throne and Canopy," the "Chapel Organ," whose keyboard and reeds are by nature formed of clearest cave onyx, and give forth such pure tones, that hymns may be played thereon by experts. Below is the deep abyss known as the "Bottomless Pit." Listen! Someone has thrown a stone and we hear its rumble down, down, down, until it finally dies away in the depths. Reluctantly we leave this paradise and retrace our steps for a time to the "Cut-off," through which we may pass and save several miles on our return. As we emerge from it we exactly resemble a tortoise coming from his shell. Perhaps we shall not fail to investigate "Lovers' Retreat," the fairy home of Cupid. Lucky are the youth and maiden entering this bower together. For 23 miles we may enjoy these natural wonders, but time will not permit, so let us hasten homeword. As we leave the cave proper the guide, by means of his magic, produces the beautiful effect of the full moon, making the room resplendent with its beams. We pass at once into "Twilight Hall," but this time our impression is that of morning, bursting fresh and glorious upon us.

Now I must bid you all adieu, hoping that you may some time see in reality, that of which I have endeavored to give you a glimpse.—Wyandotte, Tower, Indiana.

AWOMAN'S LOVE

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SOME POINTERS

The self-helper is the one who goes ahead the fastest.

The habit of good nature is a good habit to cultivate.

Don't do or say anything today you will be sorry for tomorrow.

If you would be kind to your letter-writing friends, destroy their letters immediately after they have been answered.

The life of a flower is fleeting, but its influence is not.

It is not so much the value of a gift that counts, as it is the thought that goes with it.

Always there is some little thing you can do to make someone happier.

Speak pleasant things as well as think them.

The best kind of a husband a woman can have is one who can make his wife think he is perfect.

The best place to practice company manners is at home.

The influence of example is much stronger than that of preaching without practicing.

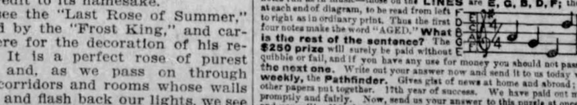
No human being can fall into depths so deep he cannot climb out, if he will.

Cheerfulness is helpfulness—Elizabeth.

$250 PRIZE TRY FOR IT, SURE!

Nothing Hard, but Calls for Some Smartness and Skill. It Means $250 in Gold for You or Someone.

This is not a music offer—just a puzzle—a brand new one—interesting whether you know music or not. $250 Reward stands to help you, but perhaps you are shrewd enough to read the sentence yourself. Just try it and see. Someone will get the $250; WHY NOT YOU? The given notes, when correctly read, make a sentence, which we will pay you to work out. The notes run as in music—those on the LINES are E, G, B, D, F; those in the SPACES are F, A, C, E, as shown by the letters at each end of diagram, to be read from left to right as in ordinary print. Thus the first four notes make the word "AGED." What is the rest of the sentence? The $250 prize will surely be paid without quibble or fuss, and if you have any use for money you should not pass this by; you might just as well win the gold prize as the next one. Write out your answer now and send it to us today with 10 cents for 6 month's subscription to our big illustrated weekly, the Pathfinder. Gives gist of news at home and abroad; non-partisan, reliable; more real meat in it than in any dozen other papers put together. 17th year of success. We have paid out many hundreds of dollars in prizes; our awards are always made promptly and fairly. Now, send us your answer to this puzzle at once, inclosing 10 cents for the PATHFINDER weekly for 26 weeks and you will call it the best investment you ever made. Contest closes June 7th, 1910; prizes paid and winners' names published at once. To the person who correctly reads the puzzle we will pay $250 in cash. If there should be more than one correct answer we will divide the prize equally among the lying contestants; every correct answer gets a cash prize. You mustn't miss this chance. Pathfinder 26 weeks 10 cents and CASH PRIZE if reading is correct. Don't delay; this ad will not appear again. 10 Cents Brings Paper 26 Weeks and Correct Answer Secures Prize Money. Address The Pathfinder, Box 11, Washington, D. C.



WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

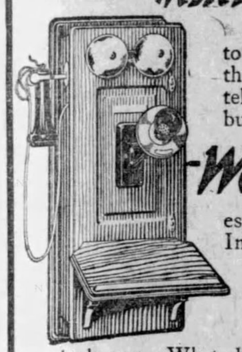
During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Graniteville, Vt. — "I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter." — Mrs. Chas. Barclay, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

The Four and a Half Million "Bell" Telephones in This Country Are Western-Electric Telephones



The telephones that carry messages from New York to Chicago, from Boston to Washington—that transact the business of the large cities—all are Western-Electric telephones. Knowing this fact, would you, or anyone, buy any other instruments than

Western-Electric Rural Telephones

especially when they cost no more than inferior makes. In all respects they are the same as the "Bell" Telephones.

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The secret of lifelong youth may be summed up in one word—Vitality. If you have this great natural power in abundance, years count for nothing. I use no drugs, I recommend none. Just the Health Belt. No privations, no dieting and no restrictions, excepting that all dissipation must cease. Put the Health Belt on nights when you go to bed; let it send its power into your nerves, organs and blood while you are sleeping. It gives you a great flow of soft, gentle, galvanovital electricity during the entire night. One application and you are like a new being; it takes all the pain and weakness out of your back; it makes you answer the morning greeting with "I'm feeling fine." It is a great strength builder; it overcomes the results of earlier mistakes and indiscretions; it gives you a compelling power, so that you are attractive to all women and men with whom you come in contact. Three months' use is sufficient. Chas. L. Snell, Middlesport, N. Y., writes: "I am a man again, thanks to you. Nothing can discourage me now." This is one among tens of thousands.

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DELAY TRUST CASES

Ruling on Corporation Tax Looked For Within a Short Time.

Washington, April 11. — The supreme court of the United States today reassigned for argument the cases of the United States against the American Tobacco Co. and the Standard Oil Co.

The reargument of these cases comes as the direct result of the death of Justice Brewer. This noted jurist died just a few days after the Standard Oil case had been argued. As Justice Moody was unable to participate in the consideration of these cases, only seven justices were left to give a decision in these cases.

How the court was divided in regard to the decision in these cases is still as much a mystery this afternoon as before the assignment of the cases for reargument. It is believed, however, that the court was evenly divided, or almost so, and that it probably was loth to give to the country a decision which was not supported by a majority of a full court. Such a majority would be five.

The fact that the corporation tax cases were not set for reargument is taken to mean that a decision will be announced in regard to the constitutionality of the law authorizing it within a short time.

It is generally believed that the cases cannot be reargued before fall and that no decision can be given until next winter.

TROOPS ARE BLAMED

Court Reports on Brownsville Shooting.

Washington, April 6.—The military court of inquiry which during the last year has been investigating the shooting up of Brownsville, Texas, finds that the evidence clearly sustains the charge that the shooting was done by soldiers of the 25th infantry, colored.

The court is also of the opinion that if the officers of the regiment had performed their respective duties immediately prior to the shooting, the affray could not have occurred and that if they had performed their duties immediately after the shooting, some of the guilty men would have been discovered. Fourteen men belonging to the 25th infantry are declared to be eligible for re-enlistment.

The court consisted of Lieutenant General S. B. M. Young, Major General S. P. Sanger, Brigadier General Theodore Schwan, Brigadier General Butler D. Price, Brigadier General John M. Wilson, and Captain Charles Howland, 21st infantry, recorder.

FIGHT COPS WITH HAIRPINS

Women Riot When Butchers Try to Open Shops.

New York, April 8.—The kosher butcher shops in the upper East Side, which housewives of the vicinity have been boycotting because of the high prices of meat, attempted to resume business yesterday. Rioting resulted and the police reserves were called out.

The women boycotters stood on watch outside the shops, with bottles of kerosene under their arms. As soon as a customer came out with a package of meat the women seized the meat and saturated it with oil.

One woman objected when a chicken which she had just bought was subjected to the kerosene treatment, and started a fight. In five minutes the street was blocked with a mob. When the police reserves arrived the women turned on them, using hat pins, market baskets and bottles. Finally the patrol wagon carried off a load of women to the police station. In the afternoon the butchers closed their shops for the day.

BIG SUM FOR RIVERS

Senate Adds $10,000,000 to House Bill.

Washington, April 8.—The rivers and harbors appropriation bill, as it will be reported from the senate committee on commerce next Monday, will carry $52,566,418 in actual appropriations of cash and amounts involved in continuing contracts. As the bill was passed by the house it carried $42,558,176, of which $35,351,746 represented cash, and $7,206,430 continuing contracts.

No increase was made by the senate committee in the appropriation of $1,000,000 for the lakes-to-the-gulf waterways project, or in the appropriation of $50,000 to pay the expenses of the board to be appointed to investigate the project, although the provision was made to widen the scope of the board's activities.

In lieu of the $175,000 general appropriation made by the house for the Missouri river, the senate committee increased the amount to $300,000 and provided that it should be expended between Kansas City and Fort Benton, Montana, of which $150,000 should be expended above Lebeau, S. D., and $150,000 below.

The house bill contemplated the expenditure of a part of the money between St. Louis and Kansas City, which is made impossible under the senate committee's amendment.

Increases made by the senate committee covering the cash appropriations and sums involved in continuing contracts by states include: Pennsylvania, $605,000; Virginia, $450,000; West Virginia, $59,500; North Carolina, $860,526; South Carolina, $36,000; Georgia, $60,000; Florida, $342,565; Alabama, $25,000; Mississippi, $35,500; Louisiana, $540,000; Arkansas, $385,000; Texas, $350,000; Kentucky, $200,000; Ohio, $110,611; Ohio River, $1,150,000; Michigan, $709,000; Wisconsin, $19,000; Minnesota, $7,700; Mississippi River, $83,755; Missouri River, $125,000; Missouri, $75,000; California, $227,000; Oregon, $763,860; Washington, $201,600; Alaska, $43,000.

Several small decreases were made by the senate committee in certain houes items affecting several states.

TWO BATTLESHIPS

House Votes for Big Craft to Cost Six Millions Each.

Washington, April 9.—The naval apropriation bill carrying $128,037,602 and providing for two battle ships was passed by the house yesterday by the decisive vote of 162 to 110. The ships are to cost $6,000,000 each. Thirty-three Democrats voted for the two battleships and 24 Republicans against the proposition.

In addition to the battle ships the bill also provides for the construction of two fleet colliers and four submarine boats.

As amended on motion of Mr. Fitzgerald, of New York, the two battle ships and two fleet colliers must be constructed by firms operating under the eight-hour law.

The committee on naval affairs had reported in favor of authorizing two battle ships. Mr. Tawney, of Minnesota, chairman of the appropriations committee, offered an amendment providing for only one battle ship, while Mr. Hobson proposed an amendment providing for three. Mr. Hobson contended that three battle ships would give no increase, but would provide only for the ordinary depreciation in the naval force. By an almost unanimous vote the house rejected this proposition.

Speaking in favor of his one battleship plan, Mr. Tawney reiterated his statement that 72 per cent of the revenue of the country was being expended for wars that had passed and for the preparation for wars to come. He declared that one battleship was sufficient to maintain the proper strength of the navy.

Mr. Thomas, of Ohio, proposed an amendment for four battleships, but the house voted it down almost unanimously.

Mr. Tawney's amendment for one battleship was also lost by a vote of 104 to 138. At least 30 Democrats voted with the Republicans against Mr. Tawney's plan.

Mr. Padgett, of Tennessee, senior Democratic member of the committee on naval affairs, then moved to recommit the bill, with instructions that it be reported to the house to provide for only one battleship. This motion was defeated on a roll call of 110 to 162, 14 voting present.

Democrats voting for two battleships were:

Aiken, S. C.; Alexander, Mo.; Ansberry, Ohio; Bartlett, Nev.; Burleson, Texas; Carlin, Va.; Clark, Fla.; Cox, Ohio; Craig, Ala.; Cravens, Ark.; Dixon, Ind.; Driscoll, N. Y.; Gill, Md.; Gillespie, Texas.; Goldfogel, N. Y.; Hamill, N. J.; Harrison, N. Y.; Hobson, Ala.; Hughes, N. J.; Humphries, Miss.; Jones, Col.; Martin, Col.; Maynard, Va.; Moon, Tenn.; O'Connell, Mass.; A. Mitchell Palmer, Pa.; Pou, N. C.; Pujo, La.; Rauch, Ind.; Robinson, Ark.; Rothermel, Pa.; Sheley, Ky.; Sulzer, N. Y.; Talbott, Md.

Republicans voting with the Democrats for one battleship were:

Bartholo, Missouri; Crow, Missouri; Davis, Minnesota; Gardner, Michigan; Goebel, Ohio; Gronna, N. D.; Hamer, Idaho; Henry, Conn.; Howland, Ohio; Lawrence, Mass.; Lenroot, Wis.; Lindbergh, Minn.; McCall, Mass.; Morse, Wis.; Murphy, Mo.; Nelson, Wis.; Norris, Neb.; Nye, Minn.; Prince, Ill.; Stafford, Wis.; Tawney, Minn.; Terrill, Mass.; Volstead, Minn.; Wilson, Ill.

Two of One, and—

"What, marry old Rownders? Don't you know he leads a double life?"

"Yes. But if I don't marry him I continue to lead a single life. Which is worse?"

THOS. F. WALSH DEAD

Rich Mine Owner Dies From Injuries Received While Wielding Pick.

Washington, April 9.—Thomas F. Walsh, the millionaire mine owner, died at his home here last night at 11:30 o'clock.

Death was due to a growth in the lungs, the result of an injury received years ago when Mr. Walsh was a miner in the west. Although the "Silver Mining King," as Mr. Walsh was known, had been sick for the past three months, the end came suddenly and peacefully. He died in his palatial Massachusetts avenue home here, whither he returned several weeks ago after a tour through the south in search of health. He was surrounded, when the end came, by the immediate members of his family, his wife, daughter and son-in-law, Edward B. McLean, and by three physicians Dr. Mitchell, of this city, and Drs. Guthrie and Finney, of Johns Hopkins University.

Buried Beside Son.

He will be buried in Rock Creek cemetery in this city, by the side of his only son, who lost his life in an automobile accident in New England several years ago. At his own request the funeral ceremonies will be simple. They will be conducted by the Masonic order and will be held Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Walsh's wealth has been estimated all the way from $10,000,000 to $30,000,000. He has only one surviving child, Mrs. McLean. Edward McLean is the only child of John R. McLean and heir to the McLean fortune. Mr. Walsh's son, Vivian, was killed in an automobile accident at Newport a few years ago, his daughter meeting with serious injuries at the same time. A child was born a few months ago to Mr. and Mrs. Edward McLean, and a gold crib that was made to the order of King Leopold of Belgium, was presented to it. Mr. Walsh had been associatd with the late Belgian ruler in lareg business ventures in Africa.

Began Life as Carpenter.

Thomas F. Walsh was probably the most picturesque of American millionaires. He began life as a carpenter. At the apex of his career he was a multimillionaire, a welcome guest in continental courts and the intimate personal friend and business advisor of a king.

His remarkable success in life never spoiled him, never turned his head. He ended as he began—a thorough good fellow, a thorough gentleman and a thorough Democrat.

Mr. Walsh was born in Tipperary, Ireland, in 1851. He was given a fair education and as a youth learned the trade of the millwright. He came to the United States in 1870 with $50 in his pocket. His first words after he had walked down the gang plank at Boston were, according to his own statement: "Thank God, I'm in a free country."

From Boston he went to Worcester, Mass., and there worked at $2.50 a day as a carpenter. The mining fever was sweeping through the East at that time and Walsh caught it. After having accumulated a little money he set out one day for the West.

Central City, Col., was his destination, but he had been there only a short time when he was seized in the swirl of a gold rush that carried him to the Black Hills. Although himself a total abstainer, Walsh's purpose was to open a liquor saloon and tobacco store. Whisky was selling for 50 cents a glass.

"I had to give it up, though," he said. "I wasn't in a decent business. When I saw miners laying around the camp drunk I decided that the whisky selling game was disreputable, so I sold out my stock."

Walsh had the eye of the prospector, and picked up two or three small but profitable claims. They netted him about $10,000. Then he went to Leadville and opened a hotel. The first year he made $100,000.

He gave the miners good meals, good beds and good service, and charged a good price. All the time he kept picking up small mining claims. In a little while he had accumulated $1,000,000.

Prior to this time he had met and married Carrie Bell Read, a Wisconsin girl who had come west as a school-teacher. She was pretty, clever and a musician. Walsh insisted all through his life that she was his best "find."

When his fortune had reached something more than $1,000,000 Walsh conceived the idea of going to Birmingham, Ala., and speculating in real estate. He invested all his money. Then came the panic of 1893, and he was poor again.

Poor Again; a Prospector.

Walsh immediately began prospecting. He had a theory that the best ore could be found at the highest altitudes. His idea was that volcanic disturbances would leave the metal nearer the surface there.

Climbing one day to the top of a high volcanic range his burro stumbled. Walsh got off and examined his beast to see if it was hurt. His eye was attracted by fragments of broken rock. An examination convinced him him that they were rich in gold quartz. Quietly Walsh began buying up all the claims in the vicinity. They formed what are now the Camp Bird mines. Some of them produced ore that ran $300 to the ton. From one he took out a net profit of nearly $800,000 in 80 days.

A few years ago, out of a desire to put his fortune in such shape that it could go to his heirs without litigation, he sold control of the Camp Bird for $14,000,000, but still retained a paying interest. Walsh liked Washington as a city in which to live and decided to build there a residence that would surpass anything in the city. The structure alone cost him $1,000,000, and its furnishings cost him nearly as much more.

Mr. Walsh had been to Europe a number of times and was famous there for his entertainments. The dinners he gave in Paris surpassed anything his countrymen had ever attended.

Becomes Leopold's Partner.

One of the friends made during his first European invasion was King Leopold, of Belgium. Leopold had some mineral claims in the Congo of which he expected great things. He interested Mr. Walsh in them. It was arranged between them that the American millionaire should supervise the plans for working them.

When he built his Washington home it was Mr. Walsh's expectation that he would entertain Leopold there. The Belgium monarch contemplated a visit to the United States and the millionaire miner had offered to be his host. Leopold never was able to make the visit.

No Man is Stronger Than His Stomach

A strong man is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from weak stomach with its consequent indigestion, or from some other disease of the stomach and its associated organs, which impairs digestion and nutrition. For when the stomach is weak or diseased there is a loss of the nutrition contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man "doesn't feel just right," when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous, irritable and despondent, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength.

Such a man should use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enriches the blood, invigorates the liver, strengthens the kidneys, nourishes the nerves, and so GIVES HEALTH AND STRENGTH TO THE WHOLE BODY.

You can't afford to accept a *secret* nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit. Ingredients printed on wrapper.

PINCHOT & ROOSEVELT

The Two Old Cronies Go Deep Into Italian Forest.

Porto Maurizio, Italy, April 11.—Mr. Roosevelt's widely herald meeting with Gifford Pinchot, the deposed chief forester of the United States department of agriculture, occurred on the veranda of Miss Carow's villa overlooking the blue waters of Porto Maurizio bay at 9 o'clock this morning. The interview proper took place later in the seclusion of the forest that skirts the town at the north.

Mr. Pinchot, who came direct from Copenhagen save for a six hours stop at Basle, Switzerland, had arrived at the hotel at midnight rather tired after his long journey and suffering from a toothache, but this morning he was up bright and early and told the newspaper men with whom he breakfasted that he felt "like a fighting cock." He chatted gaily during the morning meal and appeared to derive much satisfaction from the manner in which he had concealed his identity when he went aboard the steamer President Grant at New York. He announced in advance that he would have nothing to say regarding his interview with "the chief."

It was apparent, however, that Mr. Pinchot expected to have not one but a series of interviews with the former President. He said that he would remain here after Col. Roosevelt had left. "Porto Maurizio pleases me," he added, as he glanced out of the hotel window and across the beautiful bay.

At 8:50 o'clock, accompanied by one of Mr. Roosevelt's secretaries, who had been sent to pilot him, Mr. Pinchot left the hotel and walked to the Carow villa. Mr. Roosevelt was busy with his correspondence when his former chief forester arrived. The greetings between the two men were extremely cordial. These over, Mr. Roosevelt returned to his letters, while Mr. Pinchot chatted with Mrs. Roosevelt. After luncheon Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Pinchot, Mrs. Roosevelt and her sister, Miss Carow, started out for a walk. They had not gone far when the two men fell into the swinging stride familiar to newspaper men who had seen them set out upon the tramps that they used to make together into the Virginian hills to discuss in seclusion the matter of conservation and other questions. Soon the women were left behind, and the two men, forging ahead, finally plunged into the forest.

In reply to a message sent to the chief executive of the United States, the mayor of Porto Maurizio has received the following telegram from President Taft:

"I have received your courteous telegram announcing that former President Roosevelt arrived last night and was received with enthusiasm by the whole population and that your city was proud to welcome him. It reply I assure you and your countrymen that the American people are very grateful for and greatly appreciative of the reception which Italians, from the sovereign to the humblest subject, have accorded to our most distinguished citizen."

200 WERE IN DANGER

Four Are Badly Injured, One Probably Fatally, by His Fall.

Dubuque, Ia., April 11.—Two hundred sleeping people had a narrow escape from death early today in a fire which burned the Julian hotel. A number were injured in the rush for safety. The most serious hurt are:

Samuel Levy, Chicago, jumped from third story window; may die.

Charles Evans, Philadelphia, internally hurt.

Charles Glasser, Des Moines, several bones broken by fall from balcony.

Mrs. Edward Engler, Dubuque, fell through blazing stairway.

Many spectacular rescues were made and, despite the confusion, most of the guests escaped without harm.

Levy stood for several minutes on the window ledge of his room, screaming for aid. Would-be rescuers begged him to hold on a little longer. In the darkness the firemen did not make fast enough progress and the frightened man leaped just as another ladder was being brought. The one already placed in position was not long enough. Levy struck on the sidewalk, with nothing to break the force of the blow, and was taken to a nearby building, dying.

Mrs. Engler first went to the window of her room, and, fearing to leap, decided to try to rush through the fire, which was blazing in the only stairway she could reach. Wrapping a blanket about her shoulders, she dashed through the flames. Her clothing was burning, but she had almost reached the lower floor when suddenly the stairway sank. Firemen rushed in and dragged her outside. She suffered many burns, but may recover.

Nobody seemed to know just when the fire started, or what caused it. The blaze had been in progress for some time before it was discovered. One of the lodgers on the second floor smelled smoke and got up to investigate. He sounded the alarm and soon the halls were filled with half dressed people, fleeing for their lives. They stumbled down the smoke-filled stairways and fell into the street.

5 DROPS — THE BEST REMEDY FOR

RHEUMATISM

Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble and LaGrippe.

A reliable preparation for both internal and external use that gives quick relief to the sufferer. **Applied externally it stops all aches and pains.** Taken internally it dissolves the poisonous substance and assists nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Sold by druggists.

One Dollar per bottle, or sent prepaid upon receipt of price if not obtainable in your locality.

J. C. BENSON, Sardis, Tenn., writes: "Your "5-DROPS" has cured my wife of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, and I want to say that it is worth one hundred dollars a bottle instead of only one dollar."

FREE TRIAL WRITE FOR SAMPLE

WRITE TO-DAY for a trial bottle of "5-Drops" and test it yourself. We will gladly send it to you postpaid, absolutely free.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY, Dept. 30 174 Lake Street, Chicago

TAFT AGAINST BOYCOTT

Won't Lend His Influence to Any Interference at Bethlehem.

Washington, April 6.—President Taft today told a delegation of 50 business men from Bethlehem and South Bethlehem, Pa., that he did not believe in boycotts and that so far as he was concerned, he did not believe that disputes with third parties warranted the abrogation of government contracts with any company.

The delegation, which was headed by H. J. Meyers, called at the White House, as disinterested persons, the chairman declared, to protest against the reports that had been spread by labor agitators to the effect that the Bethlehem Steel works, because of the strike of some of its employes, was turning out an inferior quality of work. Mr. Meyers said that efforts had been made to have this government, as well as foreign customers of the steel concern, boycott the works, the claim being made that incompetent workmen had been employed to take the strikers' places.

Mr. Meyers declared that this was not true; that the men engaged on government contracts, had many of them, been in the employ of the company for twelve years or more; that they took a patriotic as well as a personal interest in their work for the government, and that they had followed with deepest concern the events of the Spanish-American war, because they had turned out many of the guns and much of the armor plate that was called upon to stand the brunt of the battle at Santiago. Copies of resolutions adopted by organizations of citizens and business men in Bethlehem and South Bethlehem were left with the President. In his speech to the delegation, President Taft said:

"I haven't followed closely what has happened at Bethlehem at all. I don't know what the statements are to which you refer. I don't know what government contracts there are that would naturally go to Bethlehem, or in which Bethlehem would have an opportunity to bid. I can only say this—that I am utterly opposed to the principle of a boycott. Every issue ought to be settled on its own merits. If the Bethlehem work isn't up to contract, then the government ought not to give the contracts to it. If it is, then the contracts ought to go to it without regard to controversies that Bethlehem may have with third persons, whether those third persons be customers or employes. The merits of the controversy between Bethlehem and its employes, in so far as the public is concerned, will be settled on the merits of that controversy and the mutual relations, or the lack of relations, between the Bethlehem companies and their employes; and there is no relation between the one controversy and the other, because—I say that with emphasis—because to hold otherwise is to introduce into government methods the system upon which the boycott rests, to-wit—that third persons are to be involved against their will in a controversy, with respect to which they have no natural relation.

"Therefore, without knowing anything about the facts, I say to you that if Bethlehem doesn't do good work, it is for the government to find out and to act on it, and to refuse its contracts on that ground, and not because it is concerned in a fight or in a controversy with its employes. In so far as the public or the government or a part of the public is interested in the controversy between the employes and the companies—that is determined on the merits of that controversy and not with respect to the government business. That is the position I occupy. It is the position my administration, as far as I can control it, will occupy."

BAVARIANS ON BEER STRIKE

Sign Pledge to Abstain Until Brewers Cut Prices.

Berlin, April 11.—The beer war in Bavaria is being prosecuted with greater vigor every day, and while Munich and other large cities have not yet been reduced to drinking water altogether, there has been a vast decrease in the consumption of beer.

The Germans say beer is too high and the brewers must reduce the price. This the brewers declined to do and in many towns the people are signing a pledge to abstain from the use of beer until the price has been lowered. Even at funerals and wedding feasts beer is no longer served.

The farmers have been advised to sow less barley this spring, in order to teach the brewers a lesson. At one town $30,000 has been subscribed to build a people's brewery, which will provide the national beverage at a moderate price.

ALL VILLAGERS GREET HIM

Colonel Roosevelt Is Unable to Escape Demonstrations.

Rapallo, Italy, April 8. — Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt, who are driving from Spezia to Genoa, stopped here over night and left this morning for Portofino. They are having a delightful trip, though they have not secured complete seclusion. Descriptions of the distinguished American have preceded him in every little village along the route, and he is easily recognized and so becomes the object of frequent and cordial demonstrations.

Portofino, sometimes described as the most beautiful spot on the Mediterranean, is situated at the extremity of Portofino promontory, several hundred feet above the sea. The Roosevelts plan to have luncheon at the Hotel Des Fleurs at Portofino.

SUGAR TRUST IS FINED

Judge Lacombe Holds the Corporation to Be in Contempt.

New York, April 8.—Judge Lacombe, of the United States circuit court, today adjudged the American Sugar Refining Co., in contempt of court, and fined the corporation $500. The contempt consisted of failure to respond to the subpoena calling for the production of two books of account before the federal grand jury yesterday.

WILSON IS ASSAILED

Secretary's Teachings Are "Damnable," Declares Soil Expert.

Chicago, April 9.—Characterizing the teachings of Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson as "damnable," "abominable" and "disgraceful," Prof. Cyril G. Hopkins, of the University of Illinois, yesterday delivered an address at the City club and ended by saying that the secretary "is an unscientific man."

Here are some of Professor Hopkins' quotations from Secretary Wilson, cited as "abominably false:" "Practically all soils contain sufficient plant food to produce good crop yields; this supply will be indefinitely maintained.

"So far as the present outlook is concerned, the nation possesses ample resources in its soil for any conceivable increase in population for several centuries."

After he had ascribed these and other similar quotations to Secretary Wilson, Professor Hopkins said:

"Can you blame the farmers for contnuing to wear out their land when these are the teachings promulgated from the highest authority in the United States? And these false teachings are all the more damnable because the common soil type of the abandoned farms in Maryland, only a few miles from Washington, contain only 160 pounds of phosphorus in the plowed soil of an acre, while the richest black prairie soil of Illinois, with a value exceeding $200 an acre, contains more than 2,000 pounds of phosphorus in the same stratum."

As a remedy for the rapid wearing out of the farms he suggested pulverized phosphorus rock, such as is to be found in the public domain.

Europe Laughs at Experts.

"Scientists in Europe," he said, "are pointing the finger of scorn at the United States because of statements made by 'authorities,' the department of agriculture, the federal bureau of soils, and the secretary of the department.

"If members of the clubs and chambers of commerce would study this most fundamental question of the soils, they would soon repudiate and revoke the abominably false teaching of the federal bureau of soils, supported by one unscientific man, the secretary of agriculture, that 'that as a national asset the soil is safe as a means of feeding mankind for untold ages to come,' that 'it cannot wear out,' the 'one resource that cannot be exhausted.'

"Much of the abandoned lands of America are far past the point of possible self-redemption, and as the fault lies not with the farmers or landowners, but with the statesmen who, as James J. Hill says, have 'unduly assisted manufacture, commerce and other activities that center in the cities, at the expense of the farm.'

"Much of the land," continued the soil expert, "is owned by men and women who live in the cities and devote their energy to the discussion of 'Who wrote the plays of Shakespeare?' or 'How to improve our jails?' or 'How educate our children so they will not have to go back on the farm and work?'"

Assails "Advice to Farmers."

Discussing current advice to farmers, Professor Hopkins continued:

"Tile drainage adds nothing to the soil, but only permits the removal of more fertility. More tillage with improved implements is merely working the soil for all there is in it. Better seed produces better crops, but at the expense of the soil. Rotation of crops acts on the soil exactly as rotation of the check book among members of the family would act on the bank account. Ordinary acidulated commercial fertilizers serve as stimulants and leave the soil poorer and poorer.

"There are six essential factors in crop production: seed, soil, heat, light, moisture and plant food. The first five are supplied in abundance, but the last is ignored, misunderstood, or neglected, even by such men as James J. Hil land our own bureau of soils. Of the ten elements necessary for plant food, pohsphorus is found in such limited quantities in normal soil that crops are limited.

"Yet we permit the annual exportation of more than twice the quantity required for the total wheat crop; and for every $5 of foreign money paid for phosphates this material would be worth at least $1,000 to our own children."

What Wilson Has to Say.

Washington, April 9.—"I don't know that Professor Hopkins has been quoted correctly; I know that at times I have not been, so I think it better not to make any reply," was Secretary Wilson's comment today when he read an attack upon him delivered in Chicago yesterday by Prof. Cyril G. Hopkins, of Illinois University, which characterized the teachings of the secretary of agriculture as "abominable" and "disgraceful," and declared that the farms of the United States only needed phosphoric rock to make them fertile. "However," concluded Secretary Wilson, "I understand Professor Hopkins has formed a company to manufacture phosphate to sell to the farmers, and the secretary of agriculture is one of those who believes the country can prosper and become fertile without the product Professor Hopkins has to sell."

MAKE WAR ON "DOPED" CANDY

Easter Egg Samples Stir Up Pennsylvania Authorities.

Harrisburg, Pa., April 7.—As a result of a general sampling of candy eggs, sold in the state during the Easter season, a crusade against the sale of adulterated candy has been started by Dairy and Food Commissioner James Foust. Reports of analysis of the eggs are beginning to arrive at the capital and arrests have been ordered in several counties. Two were made today in Allegheny county by agents of the department.

Northern Pacific Notes

The Northern Pacific operates five through electric-lighted passenger trains and three through freight trains every day, with numerous local trains of each class.

Its eastern terminals are Duluth, Superior, St. Paul and Minneapolis—western points reached are Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Everett, Bellingham.

It runs through trains daily from Chicago and from St. Louis to the North Pacific Coast.

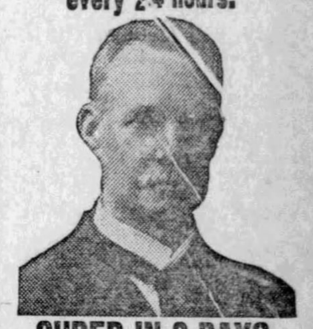
6,000 miles of railroad and still growing—with the country.

The Scenic Highway — NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY — *Through the Land of Fortune*

For information about Northern Pacific territory or service, call on J. J. Gertner, Trav. Pass. Agent, 40 East Fourth St., Cincinnati. A. M. Cleveland, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. Paul.

I WAS A Heavy Drinker

Consumed quart of whiskey every 24 hours.



CURED IN 3 DAYS

If you know anyone who drinks alcohol in any form, regularly or periodically, let me send my FREE book, "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave."

I drank beer at first, then gradually developed into a drinker of strong liquors. When drinking heavily I wouldn't hesitate to pawn my coat or break a saloon window to get spirits. For long periods I would drink over a quart of whiskey, rum or gin daily. And some mixed drinks and beer additionally!

I damaged business, health and social opportunities, made family miserable, lost real friends and became an unworthy, unwelcome burden upon all except the saloonkeepers, who cheerfully took my money for the poison they gave me.

For 16 years I kept it up, and I was regarded as a hopeless case. Various "cures" did me no good. But now I have a joyful message for drinkers and

Mothers, Wives, Sisters

While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly found a true cure. It was indeed genuine. It saved my life. My health was quickly restored. I became and am a respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom from the accursed alcohol. I speedily and naturally lost all desire for drink. I took less and less. I began to prefer tea, coffee and other non-alcoholic liquids; the craving for liquor ceased, I could sleep perfectly, my stomach became well and I recovered from other ailments which I now know were due to my indulgence in strong drink.

WONDERFUL

My cure lasted 3 days; if I had relied upon will power or faith I would still be a drunkard, because an alcohol slave has no will power while drinking. I rejoiced so greatly at having found a true cure that I decided to devote my life to removing the curse from others. My success has been marvelous. During eight years I have personally attended to over 6000 men and women who were addicted to drink; the list includes very many persons notable in all walks of life, including those of brains and those of physical energy. If I were permitted to mention names of those who have been saved through this cure, the public would be astonished. They include senators, congressmen, public officials, great lawyers, bankers, clergymen, noted merchants, skilled mechanics, trusted managers and clerks, farmers and others in all vocations.

I tell about the secret in my book, which I send FREE to every person (or relative of friend) who takes alcohol in any form to excess. My one purpose in life is to cure the drunkard. I rejoice in every cure, each victim has my sympathy. What I promise is absolutely guaranteed. My remedy is for either steady or periodical drinkers. Think of it—a complete and permanent home cure between Friday night and Monday night—or any other 72 hours!

Men or Women, Any Age, Quickly Cured. To relatives, friends or employers I say—if you want to cure a drinker in the quickest, surest and permanently, with or without his knowledge and with absolute safety, read my book—changes despair to joy.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, promptly, postpaid. It tells of my own career and the wonderful discovery and gives valuable advice. No other book like it. I especially appeal to those who had wasted money on treatments or remedies which have no lasting effect. Remember, it costs nothing and you will always be glad that you wrote. Correspondence strictly confidential. Cut this out if you cannot write to-day. Address:

EDWARD J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., 490 A, New York, N. Y.

AID FOR IMMIGRANTS

B'nai B'rith Tries to Prevent Congestion.

Washington, April 9.—Members of B'nai B'rith at their national gathering here, presided over by M. A. Marks, of Cleveland, passed resolutions to start the order upon a strong movement to prevent the congestion of Jewish immigrants in crowded city neighborhoods. A committee was appointed to see that they are more evenly distributed in more sparsely settled parts of the country.

It was decided by unanimous vote yesterday that on each anniversary of the death of former Secretary of State John Hay a wreath be placed on his grave in Cleveland by the order.

The report of the committee favoring a scattering of Jewish emigrants to this country says:

"The problem presented by the tendency of immigrants to settle in congested districts of the large cities is a serious one, which should be carefully considered, and means adopted whereby facilities will be offered for distribution of immigrants throughout the United States, particularly in sparsely settled districts, where better opportunities are afforded for a healthy and speedy development and the Americanization of immigrants, at the same time having due regard for their religious needs and general welfare.

"To that end we recommend that the executive committee be instructed to appoint a committee to formulate, if possible, some practical plan to carry out the foregoing suggestions."

Other resolutions adopted protest as follows against unnecessary restrictions of immigration:

"Resolved, That the executive committee is hereby instructed to regard as its imperative duty the adoption and maintenance of such policies as will insure the amelioration and modification of restrictive measures as tend unduly and unjustly to prevent the free admission to the United States of Jewish emigrants of good character and having no incurable physical disqualifications; to secure an equitable administration of regulative laws, and to establish at Ellis Island and at such other places as it may from time to time determine agencies that will secure this end, acting, in this respect, either independently or through or in co-operation with other organizations or agencies."

Adolph Krause, of Chicago, was re-elected president by acclamation. Other officers chosen were Lucius Solomon, San Francisco, first vice president; Jacob Singer, Philadelphia, second vice president; A. B. Sellenfreund, Chicago, secretary; Jacob Furth, St. Louis, treasurer. New York city was chosen for the next meeting in 1915.

GIRL STENOGRAPHER O. K.

Western Railwaymen Scout Idea She Is Deficient.

Chicago, April 9.—Although reports say that an eastern railroad has found female stenographers deficient to the extent of 30 per cent when compared with male stenographers, western railroad managers scouted the idea.

R. G. Mudge, president of the Rock Island system; F. A. Miller, general passenger agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road, and officers of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, were among those who declared that there existed no danger of the woman stenographer disappearing from the railroad service because of inefficiency.

Mr. Miller said that his company had no intention of discharging girl sten

Both Are Deaf

The deaf can now hear whispers. More than 350,000 deaf people in the United States are using a simple little device invented by a Louisville man which enables them to hear the softest noises.

It is worn out of sight, and persons who do not know that the wearers are deaf cannot tell from the expression on their faces or by anything that they see that they are afflicted.

Ear trumpets and other devices used by the deaf are not required when a Wilson Ear Drum is used. It is so constructed that it magnifies the sound waves so that the deafest person can hear.

No treatment is required with its use.

If you are deaf, write to Mr. Geo. R. Wilson, Inventor, 819 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Kentucky, for full details of this marvelous invention which enables the deaf to hear the songs of the birds and makes it possible for those hard of hearing to have the same use of their hearing faculties as those not afflicted. (7)

20 YEAR ELGIN WATCH $6.65

Hunting case, beautifully engraved, genuine 20-year gold filled, stem wind and stem set, fitted with a 7-jeweled Elgin movement. Case guaranteed 20 years by us and the manufacturers, who are worth one million dollars.

$6.65

20 year guarantee

If you see it, you will buy it. Name your express office and let us ship the same C. O. D., with privilege of full examination. If you think it is a bargain and worth $15, pay the express agent $6.65 and it is yours. Mention if you want Ladies', Men's or Girls' size, and remember if you send us $6.65 with order, we will deliver watch by registered mail and include, FREE, either a Ladies' or Gents' fine gold plated vest or neck chain and charm, worth $5 at retail. *AMERICAN WATCH CO., Importers and Exporters of Watches, Jacksonville, Fla.*

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From $1,000 to $10,000 a year and expenses. If you want to enter the finest, best paid profession in the world, our free catalogue, "A Knight of The Grip," will show you how. We place thousands of our graduates in good positions with the best firms all over the United States and Canada. Write or call for particulars today. Address nearest office.

Dept. 467 NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAVELING ASS'N
Chicago, Kansas City, New York, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Atlanta.

AGENTS—$33.30 A WEEK

Why not make it? Jack Wood did it. He writes—"Hurry up 100 more—sold first 50 in 2 days—best seller I ever saw." Hundreds of agents coining money—$5.60 worth of tools for the price of one. Wonderful invention—drop forged from finest steel. Nickel Plated all over. Astonishing low price to agents—1,200 ordered by one man. Get our grand confidential proposition quick. Sample free—don't delay—experience not needed—write at once. THOMAS MFG. CO., 2278 Wayne St., DAYTON, OHIO

Ladies' Gents'

Ladies & Gents Watches FREE

We give all grades of Watches for selling our fine Art Post Cards at 10c per pkg. Order 20 pkgs. to-day. When sold, send us the $2.00 and we will send you an elegant 5 YEAR GUARANTEED WATCH, also a FINE SOLID RING and CHAIN, postpaid, as per our premium list. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. Write us to-day. BELMONT MFG. CO., Dept. 100 CHICAGO

150 GOLD BACK POST CARDS FREE

Send your order today. Enclose 10c to cover postage IDEAL POST CARD CO., 4359 State St., Chicago

AGENTS WANTED—Make $10 to $20 per day selling Solar Self Heating Flat Irons. Best agents' proposition out. Sells everywhere. Complete demonstrator, $5. Write today. Chicago Solar Light Co., 126 S. Jefferson st., Chicago, Ills.

FREE—FORTUNE CAN BE TOLD from childhood up, past, present, future; cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2-cent stamps and birthdate gets free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 Second st., Kewanee, Ills.

LADIES, when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills; always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

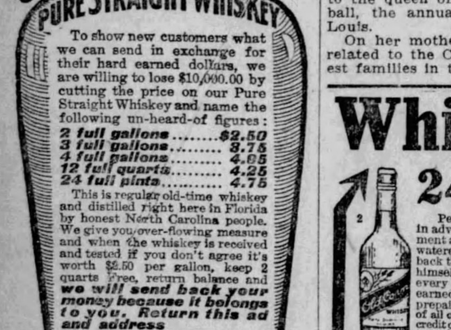
NATION'S BUSINESS WAITED

Washington, April 12. — Because of the desire of many senators to attend the wedding of the daughter of Senator Clark, of Wyoming, which was solemnized in this city at noon, the senate did not meet until 1 o'clock today, one hour after the usual time of convening.

12 QUARTS

Return this ad, with $1.25 and we will ship prepaid, 12 bottles "Puro" Extracts, sufficient to make in your own home, 12 full quarts of fine Rye, Corn, Gin or Apple Brandy. (State kind preferred.) No distilling—no boiling—no trouble—no apparatus. Guaranteed under pure food and drugs act, Serial No. 24513. Money refunded if not as represented. American Export Company, (Southern Branch,) Jacksonville, Fla.

Whisky $1.25



To show new customers what we can send in exchange for their hard earned dollars, we are willing to lose $10,000.00 by cutting the price on our Pure Straight Whiskey and name the following un-heard-of figures:

2 full gallons $2.50
3 full gallons 3.75
4 full gallons 4.95
12 full quarts 4.25
24 full pints 4.75

This is regular old-time whiskey and distilled right here in Florida by honest North Carolina people. We give you over-flowing measure and when the whiskey is received and tested if you don't agree it's worth $2.50 per gallon, keep 2 quarts free, return balance and *we will send back your money because it belongs to you. Return this ad and address*

Southern Dist. Company
Jacksonville, Fla.

GAVE HER SOFT SOAP

High School Girls Make Chum Sick.

Bridgeport, Conn., April 12.—An investigation has been set afoot concerning the hazing of Miss Loraine Clarke, 16, by a high school society, resulting in the serious illness of the girl, who is an inmate of Linden Lodge sanitarium at Brattleboro, Vt.

Fayette C. Clarke, the girl's father, is one of the biggest manufacturers in the city and an ex-member of the Connecticut legislature. It is believed the investigation will result in steps being taken to oust all the secret societies in high schools, in which case there will be a bitter fight in the courts, as the fraternities and societies are determined to resist.

Macaroni, boiled in soft soap, is the tidbit which members of the Alpha Alpha society, into which Miss Clarke was initiated a month ago, admit they forced her to eat. Since that time her health has rapidly declined and Dr. F. C. Haller, the family physician, states she is suffering from stomach poisoning, due to the soda in the soft soap.

Deepest indignation was expressed by the girl's father over the affair which has endangered his daughter's life, and he announced his intention of starting a war of extermination on the secret societies.

Since the charges were made public through Mr. Clarke's communication to the board of education, Bridgeport society has been in a ferment and already there is the most violent partisanship over the affair.

The Alpha Alpha society is an old established secret society and numbers among its members many socially prominent women in Bridgeport. Graduate members of the society express their belief that Miss Clarke's illness is her own fault and not due to the society's initiation ritual.

BRYAN CAUSES FLURRY

Expresses Some New Ideas in a Letter.

Washington, April 12.—Doubt as to the authenticity of a letter alleged to be from William J. Bryan and received by the general committee of the Jefferson Day dinner to be given here Wednesday night, caused excitement at a meeting of the banquet committee last night and resulted in the appointment of a special committee to investigate its origin and confer upon its sentiments before it is read at the banquet, which is to be addressed by Mayor Gaynor, of New York; Governor Harmon, of Ohio, and other prominent Democrats.

The letter was postmarked "Lincoln, Neb.," and was addressed to Cotter T. Bride, of the general committee of the Jefferson Day dinner. It contained views on the money question, the tariff, the high cost of living and other issues at variance with accepted Democratic doctrine, and when read at the committee meeting caused a furore. It was not made public. Several members of the committee said they did not believe Mr. Bryan knew anything about the letter, as he is not in this country and will be unable to attend the dinner.

Mr. Bride believed the letter genuine. He said that Mr. Bryan sent the letter from the West Indies through his brother, Charles Bryan, and that thus was the Lincoln postmark accounted for.

Brother Says It's Genuine.

Lincoln, Neb., April 12.—C. W. Bryan today declared that the letter mailed to Cotter T. Bride, of the general committee of the Jefferson Day dinner at Washington was genuine. C. W. Bryan mailed the original from this city and kept a carbon copy. The letter was sent to Lincoln by W. J. Bryan.

BODY IS LOCKED IN TRUNK

No Clue to Mysterious Death of Wealthy Widow.

Hannibal, Mo., April 12.—The body of Mrs. Gertrude Maxwell, a wealthy widow who lived alone on her farm, one mile east of Palmiria, two miles west of here, was today found in a trunk at her home by Sheriff Thomas C. Lasley. She had been missing since last Wednesday. The trunk lid was closed but not locked. A club was also found in the room, but the body bore no marks of violence.

YOUNG PULITZER TO WED

Second Son of New York Publisher Is Engaged.

St. Louis, Mo., April 12.—The marriage of Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., second son of the publisher of the New York World and the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, to Miss Eleanor Wickham, daughter of Mrs. Edmund F. Wickham, 28 Vandeventer place, will take place in June.

Miss Wickham was a debutante last season, when she was maid of honor to the queen of the Veiled Prophets' ball, the annual social event of St. Louis.

On her mother's side she is closely related to the Catlins, one of the oldest families in this city.

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SHOOTS WIFE OF CHUM

Doctor, Spurned in Love, Then Put Two Bullets in His Own Body.

Pittsburg, April 12.—Dr. Mark Blackburn, of Wilson, Pa., member of one of the most prominent families of western Pennsylvania, last evening shot down Mrs. Violet Getty, wife of Dr. W. G. Getty, of Hyndman, Pa., his chum, and then turned the revolver on himself.

The shooting occurred at the home of Mrs. Mars, mother of Mrs. Getty, whom she had been visiting. Blackburn has been insanely jealous since his graduation, when his chum and college classmate, Dr. Getty, announced his engagement to Violet Mars, with whom Blackburn had been wildly in love. This was seven years ago, but after Getty and the young woman were married, Dr. Blackburn visited their home regularly.

Mrs. Getty came from Hyndman to her mother's home and Dr. Blackburn saw her on the street. He walked to her mother's home with her and went into the parlor.

"Violet, I'm going to Milwaukee, and I want you to go with me," Mrs. Mars heard Dr. Blackburn say to her daughter, and as Mrs. Mars hurried toward the door leading into the front room she met her daughter rushing out.

"The doctor is crazy or has been drinking," said Mrs. Getty.

Dr. Blackburn shouted after Mrs. Getty that he would go up street, get a revolver and come back. He slammed the door and went away. Later Dr. Blackburn returned and rang the bell. Mrs. Getty declined to open the door and telephoned for the police. She then returned to the door and shouted at Dr. Blackburn to get away, that she had sent for the police.

"I won't go without you, dead or alive," shouted Blackburn through the glass door, firing through the door as he spoke. Mrs. Getty fell at the first shot, the ball passing through her breast.

Blackburn opened the door by inserting his hand through the shattered glass and fired two more shots at the woman as she was trying to struggle to her feet. One of the shots missed, the other taking effect in the shoulder. Mrs. Getty fainted. Thinking she was dead, Dr. Blackburn placed the revolver to his own head and pulled the trigger. The shot proved a glancing one, although it knocked him off his feet. Rising to his knees, Blackburn then fired another shot through his left side. This is the shot which the physicians say will kill him.

GLIDDEN PATHFINDER STARTS

Fifty Cincinnati Autos and Band Aid in Getaway.

Cincinnati, April 12.—The official path-finding car for the Glidden tour, the national endurance run of the American Automobile association, left here at 10 a. m. for a 3,000 mile trip to Chicago by way of Dallas, Tex.

Fifty local automobiles and a brass band escorted the official party across the Ohio river and for several miles toward Lexington, Ky., where the party is scheduled to spend the night. From there the route will lead through Louisville, Ky.; Nashville, Tenn., and Little Rock, Ark., to Dallas, where the car will turn to the north, going through Kansas and Iowa to reach northern Illinois on its way to Chicago.

The trip will last six weeks or more. The pathfinders with the car are Dai H. Lewis, official "scout" of the American Automobile association; Joseph Gardham, of Detroit, driver; L. J. Smith, Detroit, and a photographer.

WILL REPAIR OHIO PRISON

No New One to Be Built in Immediate Future.

Columbus, April 12.—That there will be no new state penitentiary built practically was decided at the joint meeting last night of the finance committees of the general assembly and the board of penitentiary managers.

The meeting was forced by the fears of the senate members that it was the intention to spend several millions to rebuild on the present site. If this was the case they propose that a new location be sought and an entirely new prison be erected.

It was explained by A. M. Allen, architect of the board, that a plan had been drawn for an entirely new prison here in Columbus, but merely for comparison's sake. It would cost $2,182,000 as against $2,847,000 at Morgan's station, where the state owns a farm. The present intention of the board was to ask for $885,000 only, which would include the new woman's prison. Up to date only $35,000 has been spent, and $228,000 of work has been contracted for in addition.

In the end it was agreed that the present work at the penitentiary should proceed as designed, but that the appropriation for a new woman's prison should be cut out until the question could be investigated.

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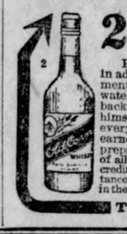
People who buy whiskey, brandy and gin by mail always send the money in advance and never have any chance to test the quality. After the shipment arrives, the buyer, if not pleased, prefers to drink up the adulterated watered "stuff" rather than go to the trouble of re-shipping and demanding back the small sum invested. This is not right! Every citizen should protect himself against fraud and misrepresentation and demand value received for every dollar invested. To show what we can give in exchange for your hard earned money, we offer on receipt of this ad. and $1.20, to ship by express prepaid to any place in the U. S. 24 Sample Bottles—(only 5c each) of all our brands, assorted—and in the same box we will place a due bill good for $1.20 credit on the first lot of whiskey ordered from our regular price list. Remember distance is no object and that we are distillers and the largest mail order whiskey house in the South, and can save you money on all your purchases—quality considered.



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FREE Combination Key Ring Bottle Opener and Smoking Pipe.

FIND NO SIGNS OF COOK

Band of Hardy Explorers Reaches the Top of Alaskan Peak.

Fairbanks, Alaska, April 12.—Mt. McKinley, the highest peak in North America, has been scaled, and no traces of Dr. Frederick A. Cook's alleged explorations have been found. The Fairbanks expedition reached the summit April 3, after a climb of one month from the base, and today report that no proof was found of any previous ascension.

Thomas Lloyd, leader of the expedition, arrived here last night. His companions were Daniel Patterson, W. R. Taylor and Charles McGonniglo. All reached the top of the mountain.

The expedition, which left Fairbanks December 1 while the controversy over Dr. Cook's disputed ascent was still raging, was financed by Auguste Peterson and William McPhee, of this city. The plan was to go into camp on the mountain as high as possible, and probably about the middle of May make a dash for the summit.

The obstacles encountered were not so great as had been predicted. Four camps were established during the ascent, and a trail was blazed all the way to the crest. Up to 12,000 feet the climbing did not present unusual difficulties. For the next 4,000 feet the way led over a steep ice field which at first seemed to forbid further progress, but through which, upon exploration, it was found possible to locate a path. The final dash to the top was made from the 16,000 foot camp.

Mount McKinley terminates in twin peaks of equal height, one somewhat rounded and covered with snow, the other composed of bare and wind-swept rocks. On the rock peak the Fairbanks climbers placed an American flag in a monument of stones.

The expedition, which was provided with Dr. Cook's maps and data, endeavored to follow his supposed route, but utterly failed to verify any part of his story of an ascent.

Dr. Cook claimed to have ascended Mount McKinley and to have reached the summit on September 16, 1906. He said that he had left at the top of the mountain proofs that he had been there.

Prof. Herschel C. Parker, of Columbia University, was a member of the expedition that Dr. Cook led to the mountain, and he later disputed Cook's assertion that he reached the summit after the professor and other companions had turned back. Recently Prof. Parker organized an expedition to attempt the ascent of the mountain and it was planned that this party should leave New York about April 25 next. They intended to go to Seattle and thence by steamship to Cook Inlet on the Alaskan coast. From that point they planned to travel by motor boat to the Chulnita glacier, where a permanent base would be established.

Mount McKinley is the assumed culminating point of the North American continent, and is in the Alaskan range, latitude 63 degrees 4 minutes north, longitude 151 degrees west. Its height is given as 20,464 feet. It is extensively glaciated, and has always been regarded as most difficult of ascent.

KILLS FRIEND IN LAW'S NAME

Detective Recognizes Old Comrade in Robber.

Beaver, Pa., April 12.—John Hander, 27, who is alleged to have attempted the robbery of the Cleveland & Pittsburg railroad here early yesterday, was shot and fatally wounded by Joseph Moore, a detective in the employ of the road.

Detective Moore had lain in wait 21 nights for the reappearance of a periodical robber who for the last year, every month or so, has looted the railway station. At midnight, Moore says, a man smashed a window and entered the station waiting room. He was about to ransack the cash till when, Moore says, he opened fire in the dark.

The robber was struck twice and fell to the floor. Flashing a bullseye lamp into the face of the wounded man, Moore recognized him as a former comrade and fellow workman in the tin mill near Wellsville, O. The wounded man will die.

Moore was not placed under arrest, but was allowed to go to his home in Wellsville by the authorities.

ENDS HIS LIFE IN CHIMNEY

Man Jumps Into 102-Foot Smoke Stack to Die.

Ansonia, Conn., April 12.—In the discovery just made of the body of Frederick H. Smith, under a pile of soot in the bottom of the 102-foot smoke stack of a local shop, the authorities believe, is revealed probably the most remarkable suicide in the history of the state.

Both legs were broken and the police expressed the belief that Smith climbed to the top of the stack and jumped down it.

Smith was last seen alive during the week following last Christmas, when he appeared about 2 o'clock at the boiler room of the shop and asked to be allowed to warm himself by the fire.

KERENS MEETS EMPEROR

New Ambassador Received by Francis Joseph in Vienna.

Vienna, April 12.—Emperor Francis Joseph today received Richard C. Kerens, who presented his credentials as American ambassador to Austria-Hungary in succession to Charles S. Francis. The emperor engaged the diplomat for some time in a discussion of American affairs. The approaching visit of Mr. Roosevelt was also touched upon. Mr. Kerens was conveyed to and from the Hofburg palace in the imposing state coach and was escorted by a state official. The presentation was attended by the elaborate ceremony that has always characterized the reception of diplomats at the Austrian capital.

WAR SPIRIT IS RAMPANT

Peru, Ecuador and Colombia All Anxious for the Fray.

Washington, April 12.—The war spirit is becoming more and more rampant in Peru and Ecuador as well as in Colombia, Ecuador's ally, and the chance of a peaceful settlement of the difficulties diminishing. Official telegrams to the state department convey this intelligence, one dispatch from Lima being to the effect that there is great enthusiasm there for war with Ecuador and that the Ecuadorean government is mobilizing its army apparently in anticipation of a conflict.

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA

CLEANSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY; DISPELS COLDS, AND HEADACHES DUE TO CONSTIPATION. BEST FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN—YOUNG AND OLD. TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS-ALWAYS BUY THE GENUINE.

MANUFACTURED BY THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
ONE SIZE ONLY. REGULAR PRICE 50¢ A BOTTLE

APPEAL TO PRESIDENT

Lake Shore Trainmen Get No Satisfaction From General Manager.

General Manager D. C. Moon having refused the request of the Lake Shore and Lake Erie & Western trainmen and conductors for a ten per cent increase in wages, the decision will now be put squarely up to President William C. Brown. This decision was reached at the headquarters of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen and the Order of Railway Conductors, in Cleveland yesterday afternoon, immediately after General Manager Moon had refused the demands of the employes. President Brown, it is said, has never refused to treat with the employes when he was appealed to, and the committee representing the two labor organizations base hopes of a satisfactory settlement on the confgerence with the president, which, it is expected, will be held in New York within the next two days.

It is said that should President Brown refuse the committee an audience, the trainmen and conductors on the Lake Shore and the L. E. & W. will call a strike.

FAVORS ONE-CENT POSTAGE

Hitchcock Says Deficit Could Be Wiped Out.

Washington, April 12.—"In view of the large reduction already made in the rate of postal expenditures, I am now firmly of the opinion that a proper postage charge on periodical matter would not only wipe out the postal deficit but would cause a sufficient surplus of receipts to warrant 1-cent letter postage," said Postmaster General Frank H. Hitchcock yesterday. According to Mr. Hitchcock, the first year of the present administration will show a decrease of more than $10,000,000 in the deficit of $17,480,000 handed down from the preceding year.

Hitchcock attributes the gains in the income of the postoffice department to the reforms in the money order and the registry bureaus inaugurated by himself.

The postmaster general recites that the second-class mail matter question is all that is bothering the department. He makes no recommendation for the immediate increase of the second-class rate, but infers that that is where the reason for postal deficit lie.

SAYLER'S SLAYERS TO PRISON

Victim's Wife and Doctor Miller Convicted.

Watseka, Ill., April 12.—Dr. W. R. Miller and Mrs. J. B. Sayler yesterday were found giulty of manslaughter for the slaying last July of J. Byron Sayler, a banker of Crescent City. John Grunden, a medicine vendor from Oklahoma, father of Mrs. Sayler, was acquitted by the jury. Punishment was fixed by the jury at 12 years' imprisonment for Dr. Miller and three years for Mrs. Sayler.

J. B. Sayler was shot to death in the parlor of his home by Dr. Miller. Friends of Sayler alleged that there was a plot between Mrs. Sayler and Dr. Miller, who were great friends, to get rid of Sayler. The defendants alleged that Mr. Sayler precipitated his death by attacking Dr. Miller with a hatchet without provocation.

DENIES CHARGE OF TREASON

Young Revolutionist Faces Committee of the Reds.

Paris, April 12.—According to the Matin, the Rumanian revolutionary committee sitting in Paris is trying the young Rumanian revolutionist, Dr. Reichmann, on the charge of treason to the revolutionary cause and of being secretly affiliated with the police at the time of the attempted assasination of Premier Bartianu at Beucharest last December.

Reichmann, facing his accusers, denied that he was a traitor and said that he arranged for the assassination in the capacity of a militant anarchist and was ready to assume the responsibility before the Rumanian courts.

THAW DENIES HUSH MONEY

He Says His Attorney Gambled With His Coin.

New York, April 12. — Harry K Thaw took the witness stand yesterday in the trial of the suit brought by Clifford W. Hartridge against Mrs Mary Copley Thaw for $93,000, which Mr. Hartridge claims is due him for his services as counsel in Thaw's first trial for the murder of Stanford White.

Thaw said he never had authorized Mr. Hartridge to spend money to silence women. Up to December, 1906 he said, he paid $57,000 to Mr. Hartridge.

"He told me," said Thaw, "that he was spending money for counsel fees and to obtain witnesses. In October 1906, I heard that Hartridge was gambling with my money and had lost $11,000 at roulette."

AGREE TO ARBITRATION

New York, April 12.—The wage dispute between the trainmen and conductors of the New York Central railroad the officials of the company is to be settled by arbitration. All points of difference will be arbitrated by E. E. Clark, member of the inter-state commerce commission, and P. H. Morrissey, president of the Railroad Employers' and Investors' association. They will appoint a third arbiter if necessary.

LONDON HAS TROUBLE

Budget Cause of It, Says Henry Clews.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

New York, April 11.—The spring season's tendency on the Stock Exchange should soon turn toward increased confidence, hence improvement, says Henry Clews' Weekly Financial Review. The first of April was passed with scarcely a ripple in the money market, and this in spite of unusual strain in London. Domestic exchanges are already turning in favor of New York, and from now on the currency movement will be in favor of this center; the ultimate result being easier money rates until crop demands begin to assert themselves. The only offset to easy money is the probability of considerable gold exports.

London is undergoing a period of unusual monetary tention owing to complications arising from the British Budget, and an extraordinary speculation in Rubber shares. Danger signals have already been hoisted in London, and the brakes are being steadily applied. The Bank of England reserve is much in need of replenishing; Paris is unwilling to part with gold, and the Bank is securing its supply from other sources. If the Bank rate is advanced it would create no surprise, the reserve having dropped below 40 per cent, compared with 47.22 per cent a year ago and 51.28 per cent two years ago; the consequence being that much of the demand fall upon New York. Fortunately, we are well able to meet the call. The United States is a large producer of gold, and we can readily spare $25,000,000 or $30,000,000, which it is expected London will require. If the efflux does not run to excess it will be beneficial, inasmuch as it will strengthen London and place gold where it will do its work most effectively.

Next to the improvement in local monetary conditions, the outlook for the crops is the most encouraging factor. There is no doubt that the coming season will witness a phenomenally large acreage of cotton and grain, because present high prices must inevitably stimulate the farmer to raise the largest possible output; first by increasing his acreage, and second by better cultivation, the latter including a larger application of fertilizers than in ordinary seasons. It is too early to form any opinion as to the final outcome, since that depends chiefly upon the weather. But with an increased product the world over, it is quite evident that the high price movement for many products has about reached its climax. This fact will eventually have an important bearing upon our international trade. It is probable that considerable quantities of grain and provisions are still being held back, which later on will find an outlet. Moreover, we will soon be within three months of the harvest, a period which can be readily bridged by an extension of our credit abroad, should that prove necessary.

There is evidence of considerable improvement in the labor outlook. Nearly all of the leading railroads have made moderate concessions to labor, which will not only remove causes of discontent, but is an indication that the managers of these corporations, who are in an exception position for reaching safe conclusions, are confident of another season of good traffic. Railroad earnings continue to show handsome gains in gross, and the improvement in net is considerable, notwithstanding large increases in expenses. Should net results not prove satisfactory, it is quite within reason to expect that railroads will recoup themselves for advances in wages by a moderate increase in their rates.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Tuesday, April 5.—Senate—Senator Heyburn of Idaho, consumed most of the session of the senate discussing the provisions of the railroad bill.

House.—The naval appropriation bill was under consideration all day, but few changes being made in the measure. As the house could not agree upon recommendations of the committee on naval affairs to increase the length of the proposed dry docks at New York, Puget Sound, Wash., and at Pearl Harbor, approximately to 700 feet, an increase of about 100 feet, the entire appropriation for those projects were stricken from the bill, leaving their determination to a later day.

Wednesday, April 6.—Senate.—Senator Elkins today gave notice that on next Monday he would ask the senate to make an order that the administration railroad bill should be kept under consideration continuously until disposed of. Most of the session of the senate was taken up by discussion of the Warren bill for the disposal of the surplus waters of government irrigation projects.

House.—The franking privilege was extended to former President Roosevelt by the terms of a bill passed by the house today. The measure was general in terms and extended the franking privileges to all ex-presidents or their widows during their lives.

Today being "Calendar Wednesday," was devoted to the consideration of many bills of local interest to various sections of the country.

Thursday, April 7.—Senate.—An animated debate occurred in the senate today on a suggestion by the special committee on the cost of living, looking to the expenditure of $65,000 for the continuance of the work of the committee in gathering information regarding wages. Senator Hale suggested that these facts should be supplied as speedily as possible, to be used in answering questions in the coming campaign. Senator Bacon deprecated such use of the information.

The house bill requiring railroad companies to make reports of accidents to the interstate commerce commission was passed by the senate. Adjourned until Monday.

House.—In the house the session was devoted chiefly to a consideration of the naval appropriation bill.

The appearance of Representative Foss, of Massachusetts, to take the oath of office was the signal for an enthusiastic demonstration on the part of the Democrats.

Friday, April 8.—House.—Two battleships were authprized by the bill passed by the house today. This action was taken by the decisive vote of 162 to 110, 33 Democrats voting with the Republicans for two battleships, while 24 Republicans voted with the Democrats for one battleship. The house adopted an amendment by which the two battleships and two fleet colliers authorized by the bill must be built by firms operating under the eight-hour law. As passed, the naval bill oppropriates about $138,000,000.

The senate was not in session today.

Saturday, April 9.—House.—Eulogies in honor of the late Representative De Armond, of Missouri, were the chief features in the house today. The house will meet tomorrow to hold a memorial service in memory of the late Senator McLaurin, of Mississippi.

The senate was not in session today.

Monday, April 11.—Senate—In the senate today consideration was begun of the administration railroad bill, section by section. Several amendments offered by Mr. Elkins for the administration Republicans were adopted. Senator Nelson made a speech in which he declared that the purpose of the bill was to destroy the Sherman anti-trust law, and that he could not vote for it. Senate adjourned on account of the marriage of the daughter of Senator Clark, of Wyoming.

House—Speaker Cannon's suggestion that the "insurgents" of the house did not have sufficient courage to join with the solid minority in the election of his successor and his prediction that the Republicans would carry the next congressional elections were the striking features of a somewhat sensational day in the proceedings of congress. These statements by the speaker were called forth in connection with his comment on the floor over the action of the Democrats and "insurgents" in sending back to conference a report which allowed $2,500 for the expenses of the speaker's automobile, together with an allowance for the vice president's automobile. The speaker declared that he had never suggested nor approved the allowance of automobiles for the vice president and for himself, the legislation having been initiated in the senate.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., April 12.—Light arrivals at Minneapolis and firmer cables than expected were leading factors in holding wheat prices up at the outset. Toledo cash started unchanged at $1.12½ and lost ¼c before the noon hour. May opened steady at $1.12, July ⅛c down at $1.05⅝ and September ½c lower at $1.04¼. One factor, many bulls, appear to overlook is the spring wheat proposition. Indications are for about the biggest area on record and until harvest in the early fall, the crop will continue a potent influence underlying. Despite bearish sentiment, there was good demand early in the day at Chicago.

Today's rally was laid to "main strength" support of the Patten people and their associates. Heavy buying caused some short covering. Cash was reported weak. Toledo cash and May closed unchanged at $1.11½ and $1.12 respectively. July was also steady at the close at $1.05⅝ and September furnished ¼c down at $1.04.

Light offerings and good buying by shorts summed up the cause of strength in corn. July showed the most pronounced strength early in the session. May started ¼c higher at 60c, July ½c advanced at 62½c and September ½c higher at 63 ¾c. The near month advanced ¼c and the far future lost ⅛c in the initial half hour.

Final corn prices: Cash, 59¾c; May, 60¾c; July, 63¼c; September, 64c.

There was considerable strength in oats, the market opening higher. The Bartlett-Patten people were on the buying side at the start. May opened unchanged at 44c, advancing ½c in the initial half hour. July started ¼c up at 42c and September ½c advanced at 38¼c.

Cash oats closed at 44½c, May 45c, July at 42½c, September at 38½c.

Clover seed evinced strength at the outset. Cash opened 10c higher at $6.70, April 15c up at $6.50, October 2½c higher at $6.32½ and December 2½c advanced at $6.30. The market was steady to a shade stronger in the initial half hour.

Receipts were 450 bags, against 730 a year ago and corresponding shipment figures were 280 and 500. Cash closed 10c up at $7.10, April 30c up at $6.65; October 1½c higher at $6.47½ and December 5c up at $6.32½.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Apr. 12	Close Apr. 11
Wheat—					
Cash	1.12½	....	....	1.11½	1.11½
May	1.12	....	....	1.12	1.12
July	1.05⅝	1.06⅛	1.05⅜	1.05⅝	1.05⅝
Sept	1.04¼	....	1.03⅜	1.04	1.03⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	59⅝	59
May	60	....	....	60⅝	59⅝
July	62¼	....	....	63¼	62
Sept	63⅜	....	....	64	63¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	44½	43½
May	44	....	....	45	44
July	42	....	....	42½	41⅝
Sept	38½	....	....	38½	38
Clover Seed—					
Cash	6.70	....	....	7.10	6.60
April	6.50	....	....	6.65	6.35
Oct.	6.32½	....	6.30	6.37½	6.30
Dec.	6.30	....	....	6.32½	7.27½
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	79½	79½
No. 3	....	....	....	76	76
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.15	2.15
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.20	7.20

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	1.11½	1.12⅝	....	1.11⅝	1.12
July	1.04⅝	1.05¼	1.04	1.04½	1.04⅝
Sept	1.01⅝	1.02⅝	1.01¼	1.01⅝	1.01½
Corn—					
May	57½	....	....	58⅜	57⅝
July	60⅜	....	....	61⅝	60⅝
Sept	61⅝	62⅜	....	62⅝	61⅝
Dec	56½	....	....	57	56¼
Oats—					
May	42	42½	....	42⅜	41⅜
July	39⅝	40½	....	40½	39½
Sept	37⅝	....	....	38	37⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.10½	....	....	1.10½	1.10½
July	1.12⅝	1.13	....	1.12½	1.12⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	1.09⅜	....	1.09⅛	1.09¼	1.09⅜
July	1.03	1.03¼	1.02½	1.03	1.02⅞

MINNEAPOLIS.